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ENTERPRISE

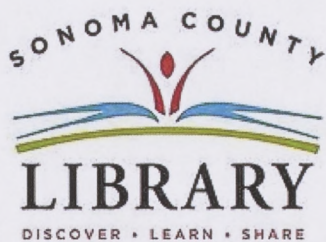


VOLUME XXX

Edith Raymond

PETALUMA HIGH SCHOOL (PETA
THE ENTERPRISE /

1909
37565029466744 PETA



Donation
From
Mrs. Heintz



To

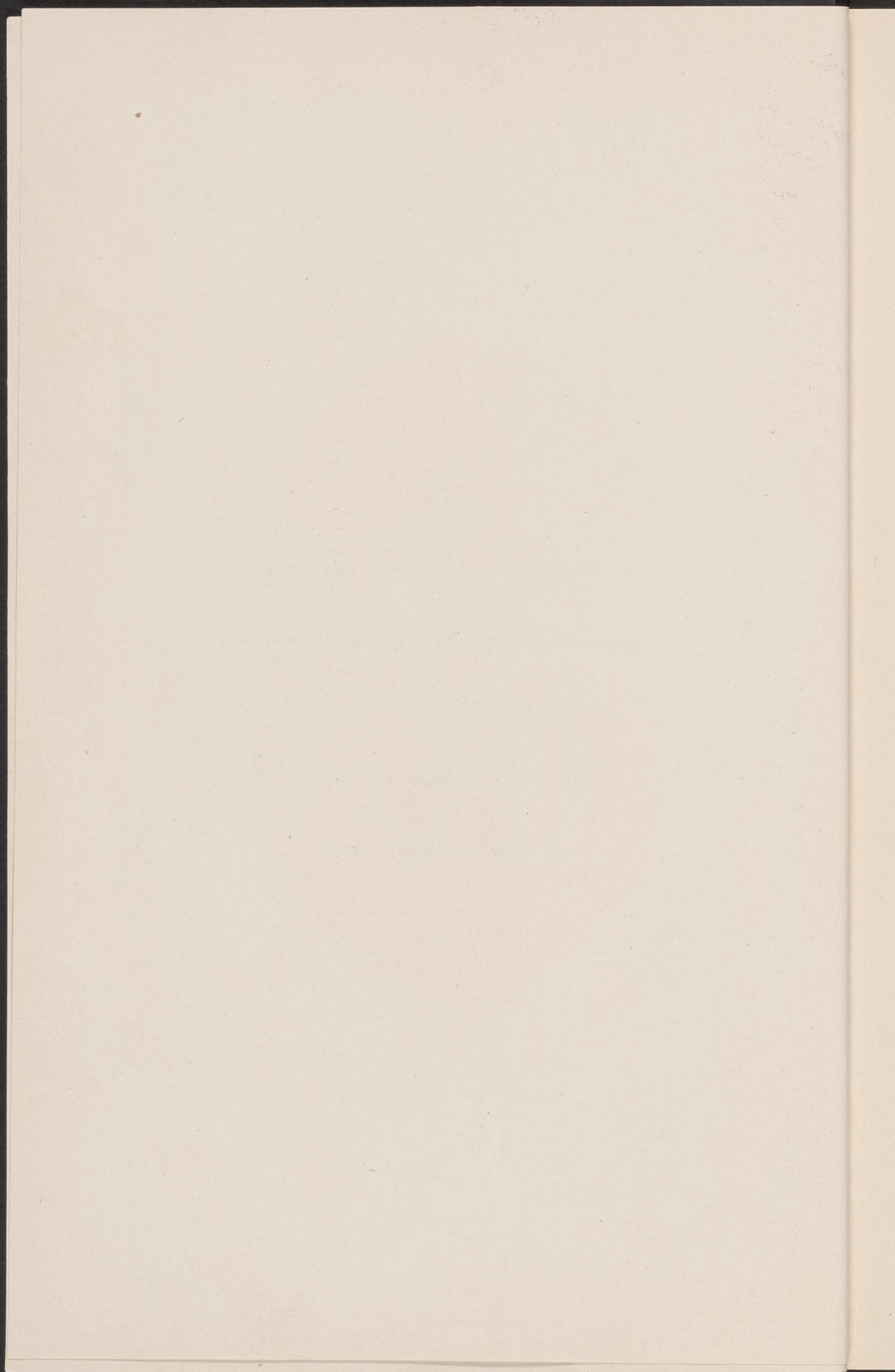
Professor Martin Slinger

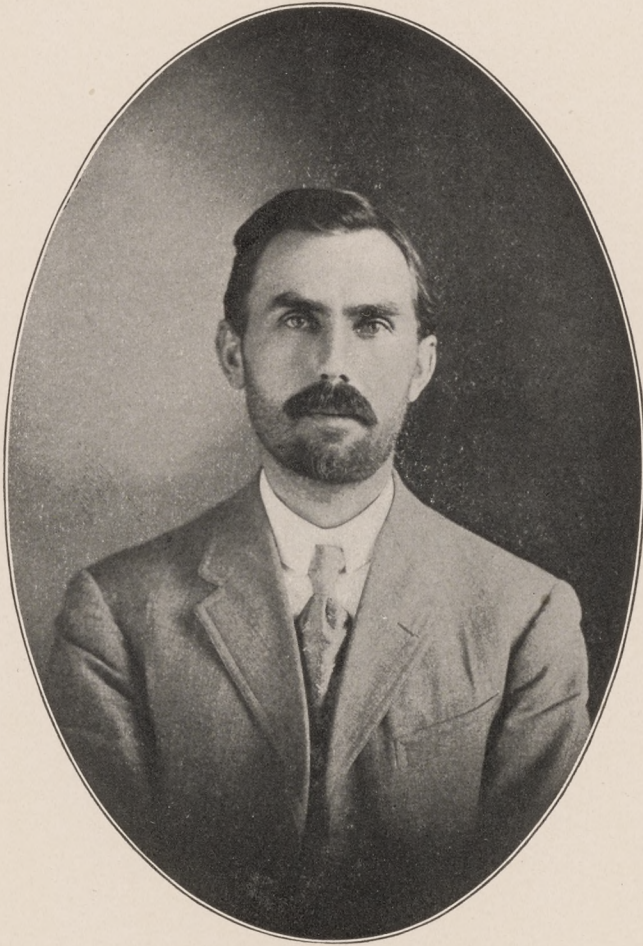
in appreciation of the friendship and aid

given us in the past four years

We, the Class of 1909,

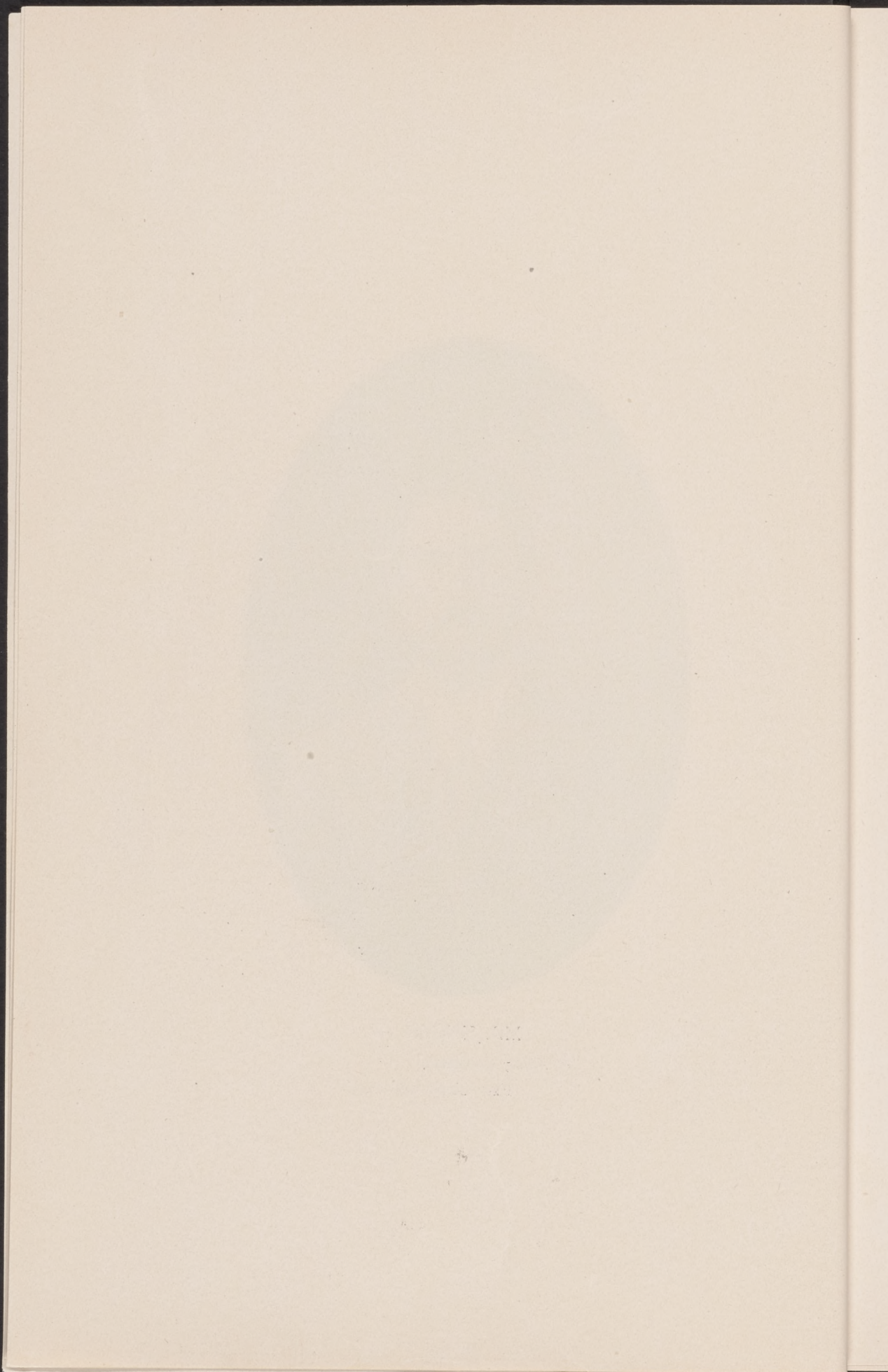
do dedicate this volume





MR. SINGER

"A worthy gentleman,
Exceedingly well read"





...The...
Faculty

U



MISS PERKINS

"One of the most wonderful things in nature
Is a glance."



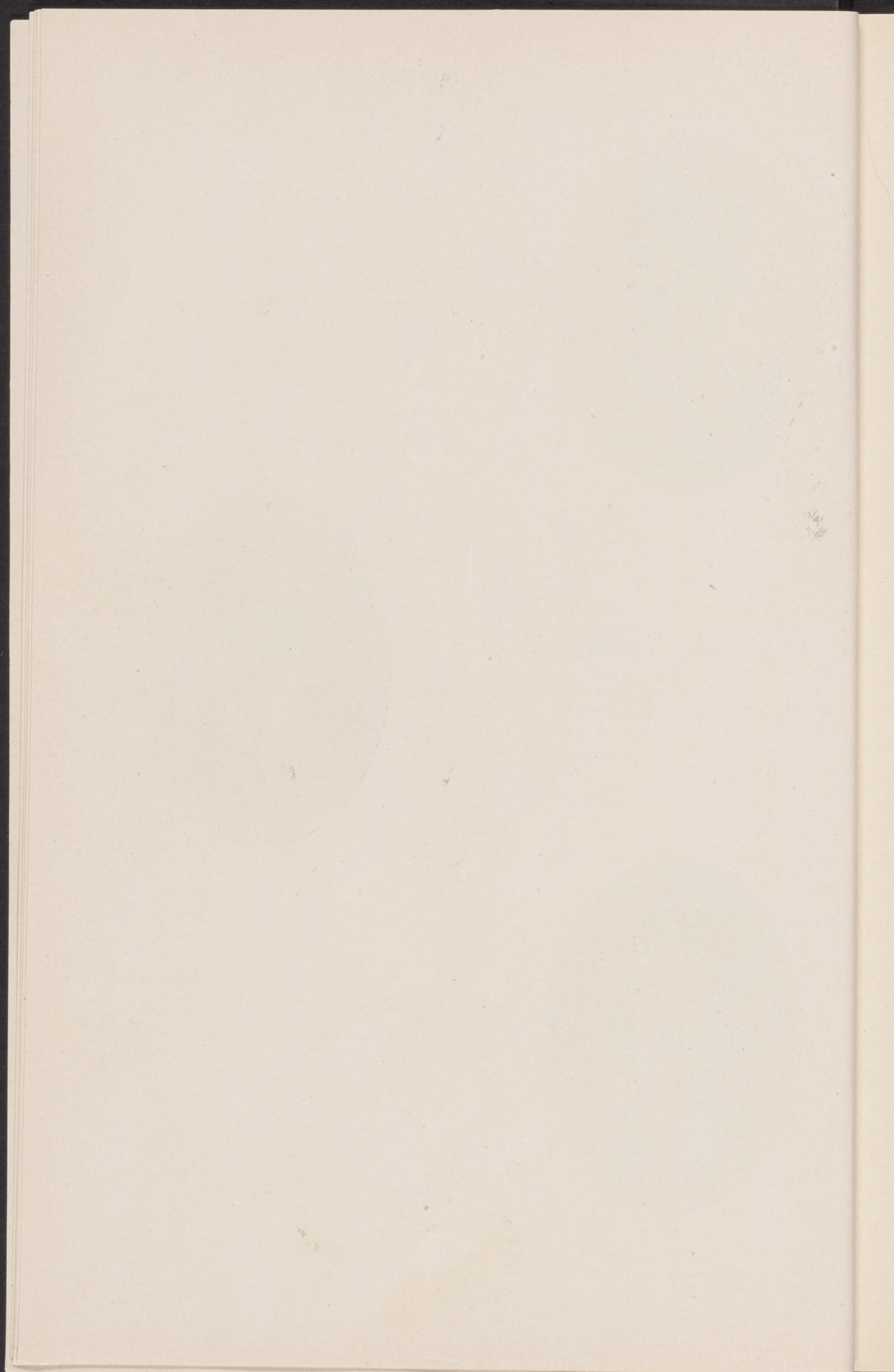
MR. PASSMORE

"I am not in the roll of common men."



MISS WATKINS

"Her lively looks a sprightly mind disclose"





MISS DANIEL

"Be glad, and your friends are many."



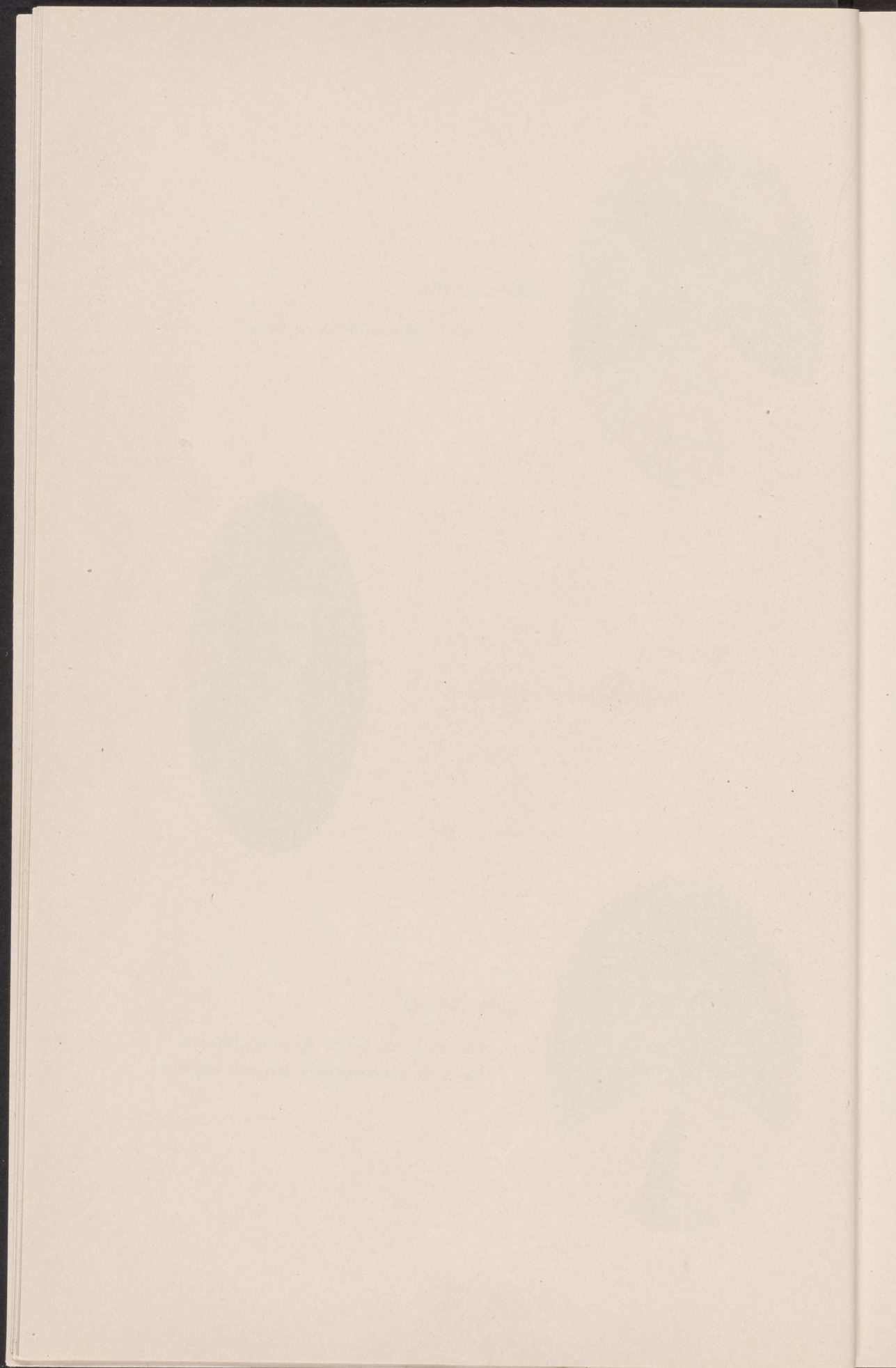
MR. WAY


"Beware the fury of a patient man."



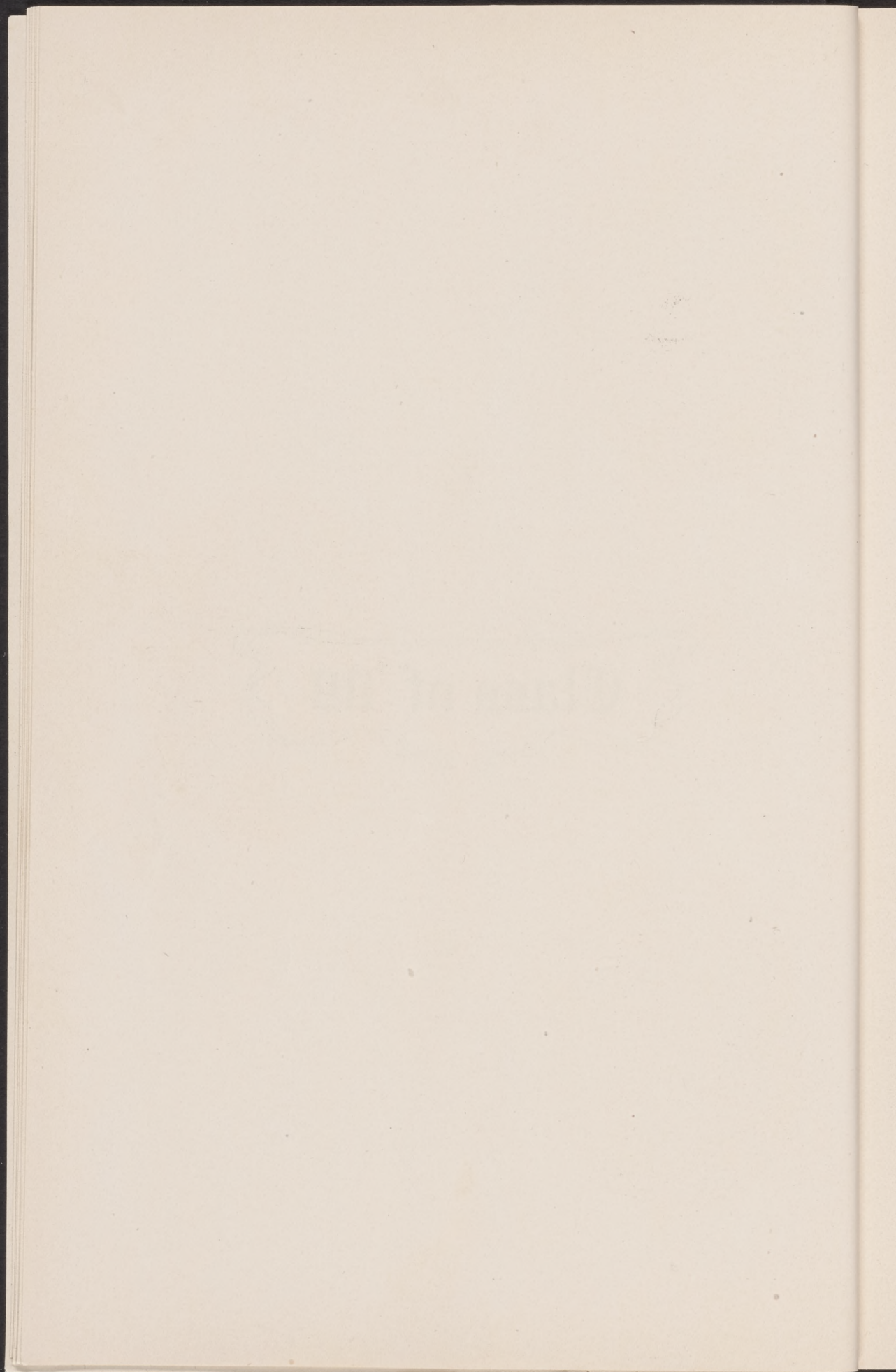
MISS SWEED

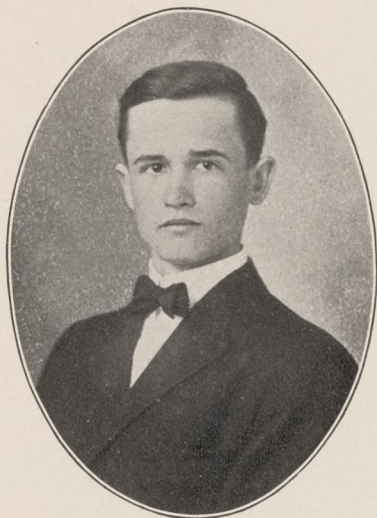
Oh, saw ye the lass wi' the bonny blue e'en,
Her smile was the sweetest that ever was seen."



A decorative, symmetrical frame with ornate, swirling lines that enclose the text.

Class of '09





RALPH COMSTOCK

"I am part of all that I have met."

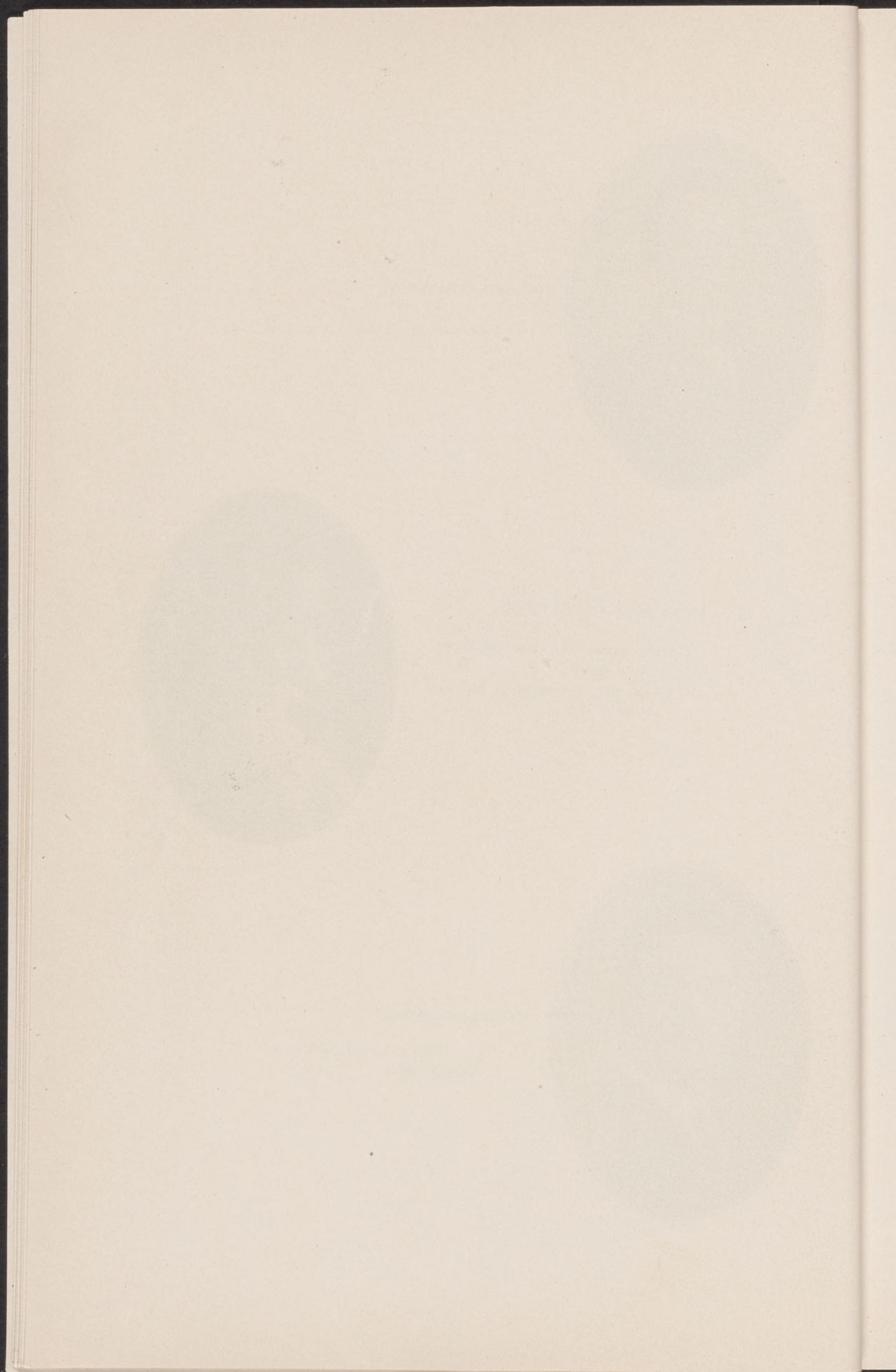
ANNA MAY CANEVASCINI

"Her glossy hair was clustered
o'er a brow
Bright with intelligence, fair and
smooth."



CHARLES GREEN

"Yon Cassius hath a lean and
hungry look."





GLADYS GOULD

"Grace was in her steps,
Heaven in her eye."



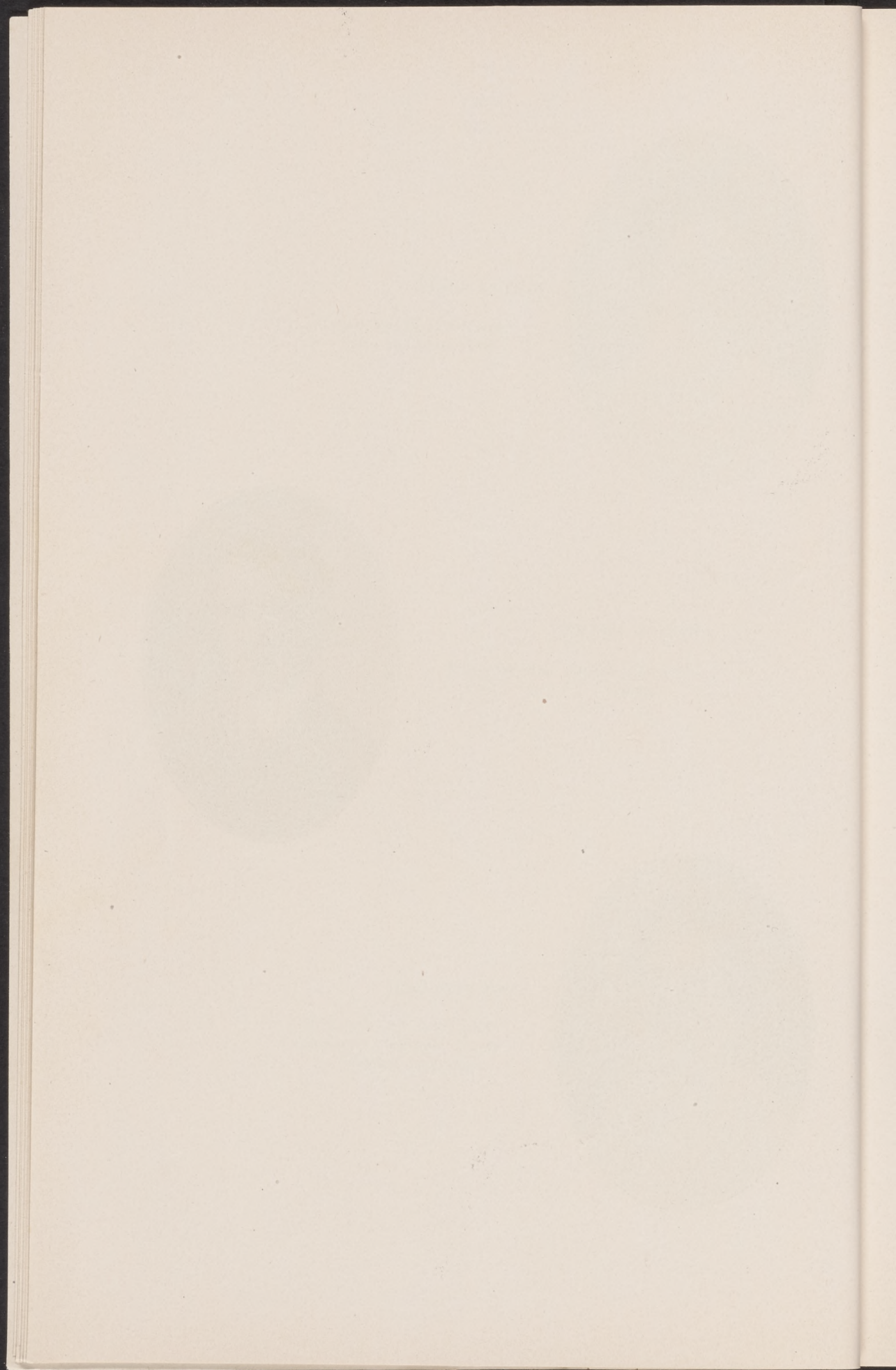
CHARLES DENMAN

"Young fellows will be young
fellows."



ANNA BURLEIGH

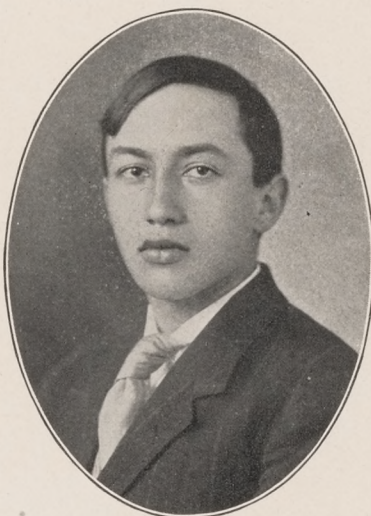
"Her voice was ever soft,
Gentle, and low; an excellent
thing in a woman."





KITTY CONNOLLY

"There's fun in everything we
meet;
The greatest, worst and best."



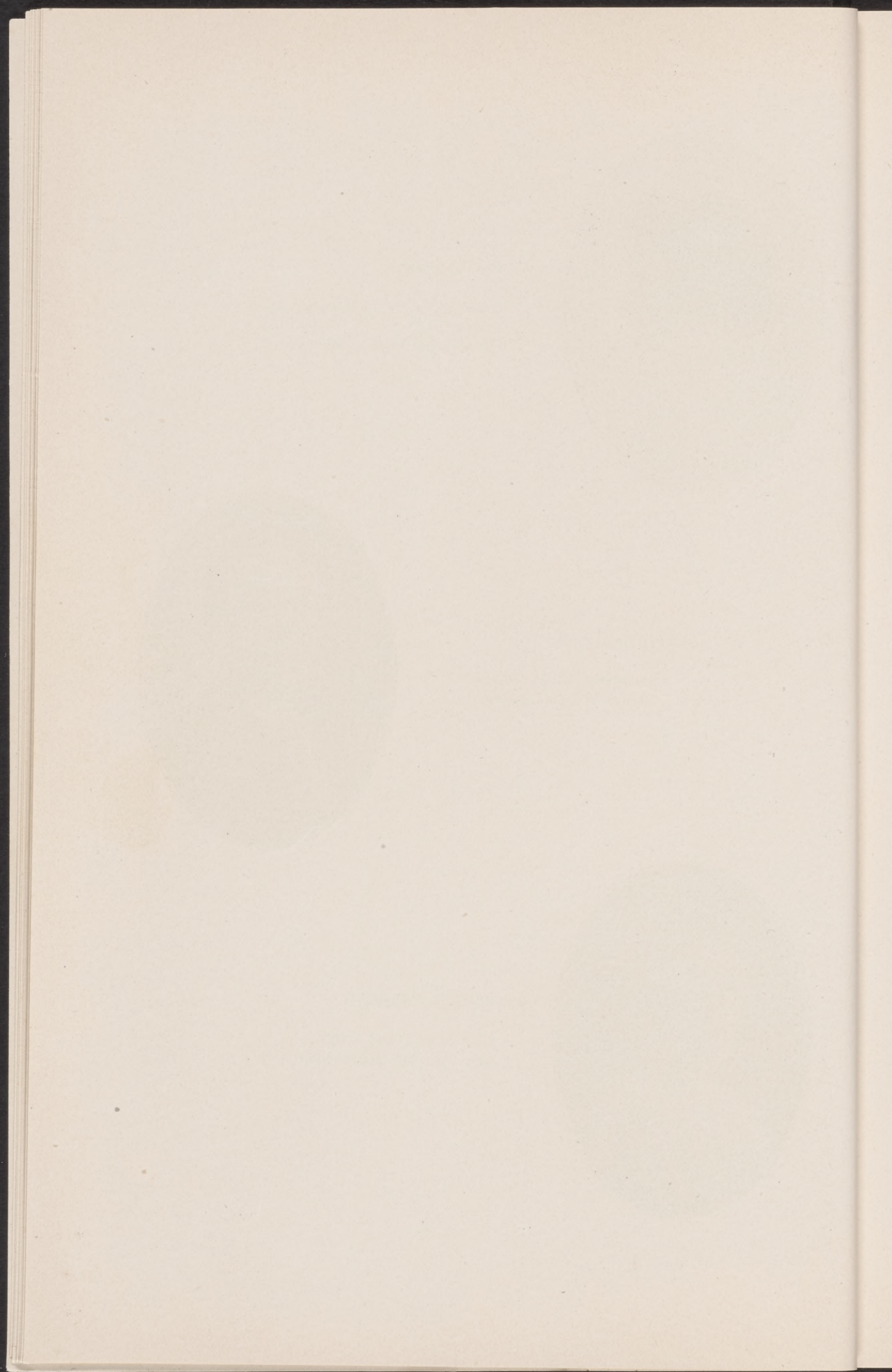
JOSEPH GLIKBARG

"Inquisitive people are the
funnels of conversation."



GENEVIEVE FARRELL

"She laughs, and laughs,
And then she laughs some more."





VITA JONES

"For she was just the quiet kind,
Whose natures never vary."



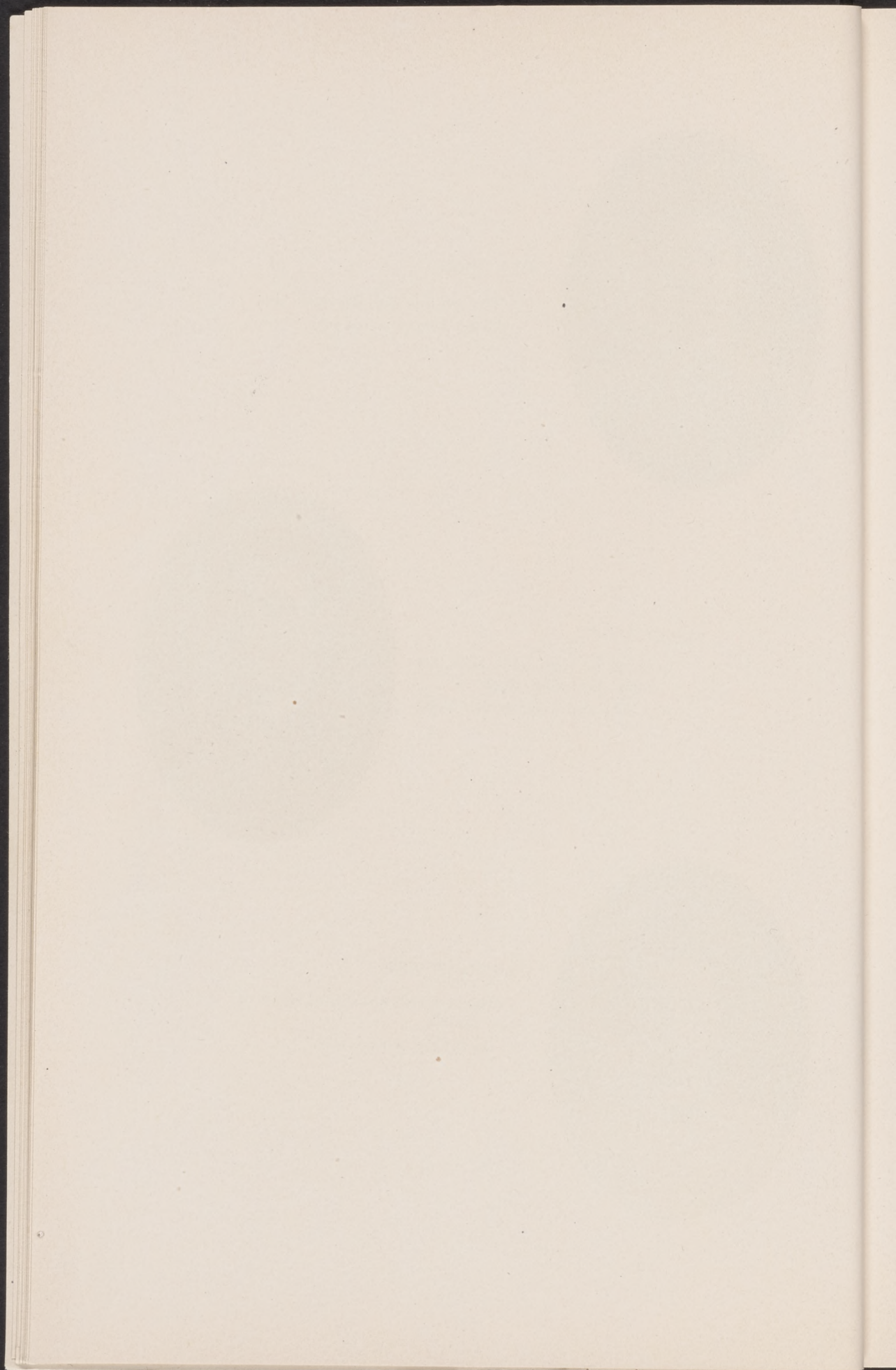
OLIVER BANTA

"Though he was call'd little, his
limbs they were large,
And his stature was six foot high"



ISABEL GILBERT

"Such a soft floating witchery of
sound
As twilight Elfin's make."





ROWENA BENSON

"Let us then be up and doing."



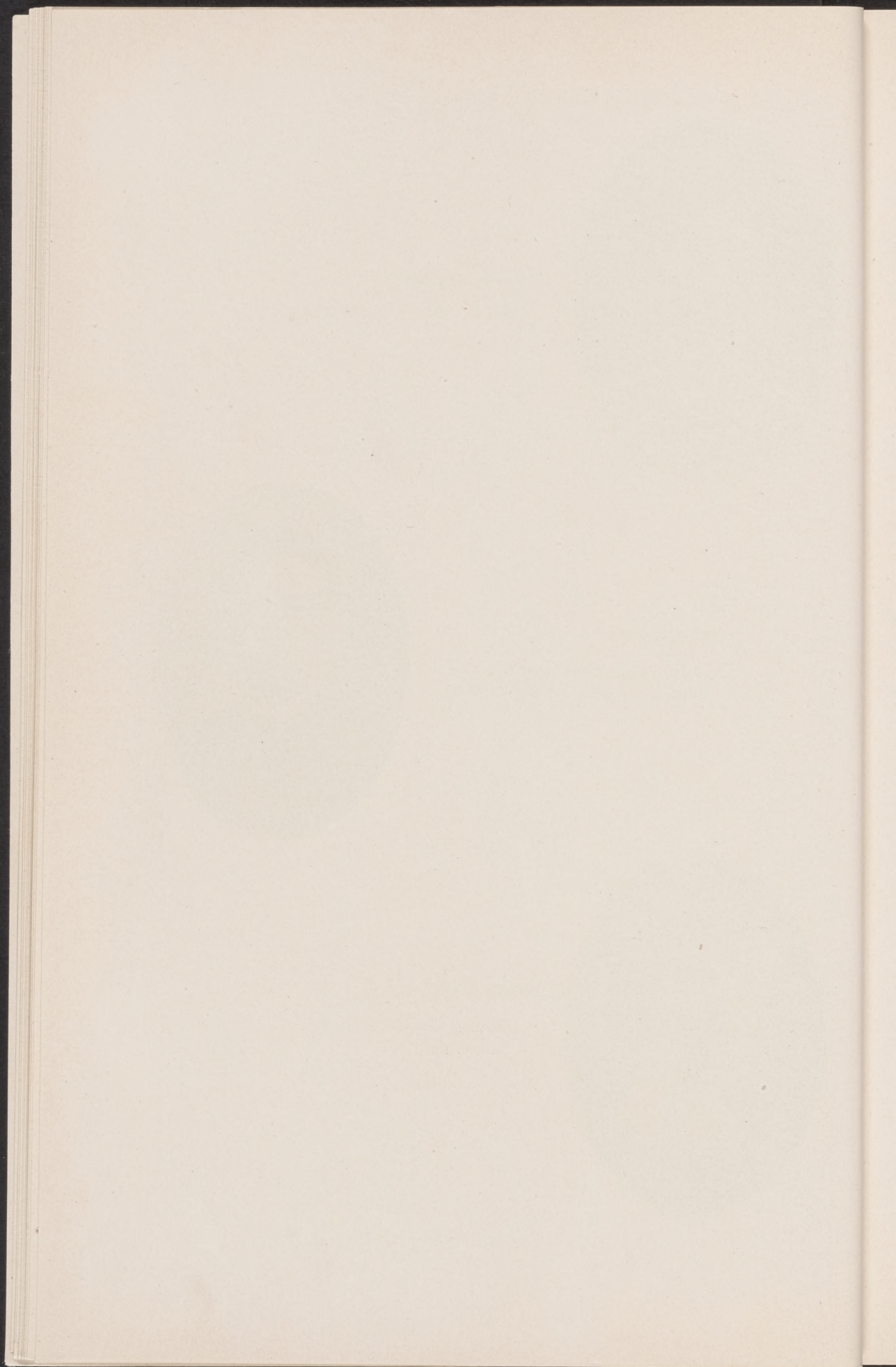
SETH MACKAY

"It's wiser being good than bad;
It's safer being meek than fierce."



JESSIE SCOTT

"Golden hair like sunlight
streaming."



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“VALE”



As you start this commencement with hearts
courageous

On the path that kind fate has made easy
to tread.

Let your young buoyant spirits and laughter
contagious

Never fail nor forsake you, but lead you
ahead.

As the sun quickly frees the trees, bushes,
and mosses

From their burden of snow on a balmy
Spring day,

So your smiles and kind acts will annihil-
ate crosses

And will vanquish the cares that encum-
ber your way.

Keep your eyes on the goal, never fumble
nor falter,

Play with zest every moment of life's busy
game,

Offer ease and vain pleasures, though dear,
on the altar

Of exalted ambition for honor and fame.

And remember the days we have spent with
each other

In hard study and play, mixing learning
with fun,

Your kind teachers profuse with advice like
a mother,

Your stern principal guiding like a father
his son.

For we too will remember your bright, hap-
py faces;

The two Charlies, the playful, wellmean-
ing, no doubt,

And our basket-ball Banta, who shines at
foot races,

And our Comstock, the actor, more agile
than stout;

The sweet manners of Anna May Canavas
ini,

The entertainments of Gladys, the sociable
dame,

Joseph Glikbarg in eloquence rivalling
Heney,

Veta Jones, the sedate, sure to gain her
high aim;

Anna Burleigh, the quiet, conscientious stud-
ent,

And Rowena, the learned, who never
forgets,

Seth Mackay, often studious, thoughtful, and
prudent,

And our Kitty, the gay, who neither wor-
ries nor frets;

Clever Jessie, whose tongue never wearies
of chatter,

Isabel Gilbert the gifted in music and art,
Genevieve Farrell, the artist not less than
the latter,

Ever ready for action and doing her part;

All of you we'll remember with tender affec-
tion,

With best wishes and hopes for your
future career,

And quite oft we will muse on the fond recol-
lection

Of the four years of study enjoyed with
you here.

MARTIN SINGER.

HOW A GHOST HELPED



EVERYONE expected that when old Mrs. Rutledge died she would leave her vast wealth to Jeane Murray. Jeane was the sweetest and most lovable girl in the whole village, and pitying the lonely old woman, who, as far as they knew, had no kith or kin, she had gone often to see her and had spent days at a time in the great mansion on the hill. No thought of the riches, which someone must eventually fall heir to, entered her mind. She continued her visits until the old lady died. Then, for the first time the village gossips instilled the idea in her mind, but she gave no sign of it. After the funeral everyone awaited eagerly the reading of the will—but—no will could be found. The mansion was searched from dome to cellar, but there was no sign of the document.

After many days of careful search the great house was boarded up and the town settled down once more. The hope of going to Europe and cultivating her lovely voice, which Jeane had cherished in secret, faded away and she took up her old work on the farm as cheerfully as ever.

No heirs were found, in spite of the careful search of lawyers, and for almost a year no one went near the house. Then one evening a little negro boy passing by, saw some ripe apples in the yard and climbed the tree, which grew close to the house. From the highest branches he could look into the room which had been Mrs. Rutledge's library. It was almost dark, and a boy, driving home his cows, heard a terrifying shriek, coming, it seemed, from the roof of the mansion. He stood still and waited in the shadow of the wall. Presently he heard the scamper of bare feet and the negro boy dashed around the corner at full speed, his tattered coat flying in the breeze, and his eyes nearly popping out of his head. Shaking with terror he gasped—"I seed her, I tell you I did!—Sittin' there writin' at her old desk. Oh Lawdy! Jim, I sure am scared! I seed her as plain as day. Oh Lawdy! Lawdy!"

The frightened boy danced up and down as pale as he could be under the circumstances. Jim listened excitedly and finally gathered that the negro imagined that he had seen Mrs. Rutledge seated at her writing desk.

"En then she got up and nosed 'round, jes' like she was lookin' for sumpin', then—she weren't there at all. Oh Lawdy—ef I don't say mah prayers ever' night fer a month. I sure am scared stiff," and the youngster scampered home to his mother.

No one believed the tale when it was spread and everyone laughed at the silly child. In just a few months, unless some heir turned up or the will could be found, the great wealth would revert to the state. Everyone thought it a pity that Jeane could not have the benefit of at least some of the money, but the will could not be found and no one came, so nothing could be done.

After a time the negro and his story were forgotten, but in less than a month vague reports came from the residents near the mansion—reports of strange noises and lights gleaming at midnight in the house. The timid refused to go by the house after dark, while the less timid ones laughed and jeered at the idea of a ghost. One night a pillar of the church, passing that way, hurried home to his wife and shaking visibly, swore (?) that he had seen a light in the old library and soon afterwards a light passed from room to room and a soft wailing was heard in the still evening. His wife laughed at him, but was careful to spread the news.

The reports finally reached Jeane's ears. She laughed heartily and said: "Poor Mrs. Rutledge! Can't they let her rest in peace? She was lonely enough in life without returning to that cold, empty house"

Still the alarming reports came in. Finally one night a party of young people, feeling unusually brave, decided they would prove whether the ghost of the old lady really was there. Jeane, much against her will, was hurried along with them. Reaching the mansion, which was very dark, and perfectly still one of the boys broke away the boards from a window and with much whispering and giggling they trooped thru

into the rooms of the lower floor. All was quiet about them. Suddenly, in a lull between whispers, one of the girls started, and gave a low cry. It so startled the rest that no one made a sound or moved. Then from overhead a low murmur floated down the wide stair-case—a snatch of a song. Jeane, who was in the center, stiffened, and by the light of the one feeble candle they saw her face pale and her eyes widen.

"That hymn! " she whispered. "She always sang that as she wrote at her desk. Why I must be mad!"

In the dead silence that followed one of the girls gave an hysterical giggle and a boy muttered something under his breath. Jeane paid no attention. Then, with no warning, and as if she were in a trance, she started for the stairway. For a moment the rest hesitated. Then as if impelled by some mysterious power, they followed the girl up the stairs. Silently they trooped through the hallway until they came to the door of the library. It was closed and underneath a shaft of light glimmered.

Jeane, looking neither to right nor left walked unhesitatingly to the door and opened it. The rest crowded to the doorway and looked over her shoulder.

In a silver candle stick a candle flickered, and bending over the desk was the figure of

an old woman, clad in a black wrapper. Her back was toward the door and she crooned a song under her breath. As they watched, scarcely breathing, she fumbled with a small knob and a drawer shot out from apparently the smooth top of the dusty desk. From the drawer she took a paper, glanced at it and returned it to its place. Then she shut the drawer and started to turn. At that moment Jeane came from her trance and with a terrible shriek, fell back into the arms of her companions. Instantly the light went out and screaming and tumbling, the terrified crowd hurried down the stair-case, dragging the half unconscious girl with them.

How they got out they never knew.

The whole country side was startled in the face of such evidence and a few days afterwards, in broad daylight, some of the most credulous ones searched the old desk, found the hitherto unnoticed knob and there in the drawer which opened out, was the lost will. In it, it stated that because of her love for the sweet girl, who had been so kind to a lonely old lady, the great fortune should go to Jeane. All were glad for her and soon the village forgot the ghost, for no more lights were seen or strange noises heard, and they all felt that the old lady, having done her duty, now rested in peace.

ISABEL GILBERT.



GOLIATH--STUNG



UNDAY calm settled upon the house, Sunday wickedness upon the twins, Sunday despair upon Aunt Sue. That lady concluded the story of Joseph and his wicked brethren, of painfully personal interest, for had not Sidney that very morning cajoled the unsuspecting Sissy into the cistern and left her there in her anguish and despair?

Then she began to read of the valiant David, who slew Goliath with his sling-shot and the twins painfully settled themselves with a sigh of resignation apiece.

This duty finished Aunt Sue gladly dismissed Sid and Sissy with copious instructions as to what they should not do and the oft-repeated "if you must play, it should be something suited to the day."

Once out of the house the twins underwent a great transformation. Their pious demeanor changed to—something very different. They were evidently bent upon mischief, but, dutifully followed their aunt's instructions; chose something, as they thought, "suited to the day." Sidney, personating David, made short work of the cat and all the chickens in the neighborhood with his slingshot.

Now the time had arrived for the advent of Aunt Sue's weekly caller. This person, known by all as "The Colonel" and very important in his own estimation, greatly bored Aunt Sue by his continuous visits although that gentle lady would not for the world let him know it.

From the extreme newness of his attire, the radiance of his boots and visage, and the nervousness of his manner it was evident to the twins, (who had sprung into quick

attention behind the hedge when they heard the tap of his cane on the walk,) that something unusual was doing. As he neared the veranda Aunt Sue rose smiling to meet him. He advanced rapidly and, after greeting her, cleared his throat with a violence that betokened that some terrible effort was about to be made. "Madam," he began, "Long, long have I thought—er—cogitated with what feeling of joy you—I should contemplate the—the moment—that is—what happiness would be mine when the—the—oh, well, what I mean is that I have decided that I cannot live—"

"Bet you can't" said Sid, as a pebble hit the colonel, with a considerable force, in the ear, (for Sid, otherwise David, had at once recognized in the massive form of "the Colonel" his enemy Goliath.)

The ejaculation of that gentleman is purposely omitted. Aunt Sue with a gasp of shocked surprise sank back in her chair. The Colonel, howling with rage and pain, clapped his hand over the injured eye, shrieking, "What the—the dickens was that?" Turning to her for sympathy he saw her, with a handkerchief before her eyes, trembling with the intensity of her emotion. As he approached her reassuringly a mistakeable giggle from behind the handkerchief caused him to straighten up with a snort of anger and with one withering glance he left her never to return, and she joyfully dried her eyes.

When the repentent hero of the occasion came before her with hanging head and dismal mein he was met with much unmerited kindness, for which he could never guess the reason, and could only thank the Fates that he had escaped a well-deserved licking.

EMMA SALINE.

HISTORY OF CLASS OF '09



T was a fine August morning on the fifth day of the twentieth century. We had been sailing delightfully along on the sea of Vacation for some hours

and it was this voyage that made us able to start on our pilgrimage through the thickly wooded fields of High School to Graduation Hill.

There were other people going on the same pilgrimage but they had started ahead of us and were organized into companies, each company having enlisted in it those who had been travelling about the same length of time. Those who had been there the longest thought they were pretty smart, were called Seniors, and the company next to them in experience were Juniors.

I guess that the last company had a desire to be kind to us. I don't know; but, anyway they told us that **WE** would have to organize into a company and that they would help us do it. Oh dear! Oh dear! We all went into a cave (we sat down in the back and they had front seats) and maybe you think we weren't scared. They told us to nominate and elect officers and at last we did get it done. Then they said we had to have a name so they called us Freshmen. What a name for us!, for I can assure you that we didn't feel a bit fresh after we had left that meeting. In fact, we felt droopier than we had ever before felt—and I guess our own conceit has kept us from feeling that way since. However, I think the effect of the meeting was a good one for us, because it made us try to be like the bigger bugs ahead of us. (The boys even began to throw aside their knicker-bockers and don long trousers.)

But woe, alas! After we began trying to reform, some of the company thought that we were a little too priggish, so they dropped out of the ranks and left us to journey on if we would.

It was hard trying to be grown up all at once, but the Sophomores (those people be-

longing to the company between us and the Juniors) seemed to realize this, for they fixed up a pretty little place on a green and asked us to

"Come and trip it as ye go,

On the light fantastic toe."

We went and tripped it, but I don't know,

About the 'light fantastic toe.'

After the dance nothing much happened, excepting a vacation, and during the first day we had two of these which were **very much enjoyed by all.**

After we were once started the day did not seem long in passing and when night came we found that the Seniors had reached the top of Graduation Hill and that they were going to leave us. Although we were a long way down the hill, we could see how pretty and how very wise they looked, and made a little resolution to ourselves that we would stick it out and that some day **WE** would march onto the top-tip-top of the hill and very sedately keep our places on the lawn while members of disbanded companies, who had gone before our little bunch came and talked to us and gave us passports which would admit us into the world of men and women, (these were called diplomas) and then when this was all done we would be met by our friends who would shake hands with us and say how glad they were that we had reached the end of our journey without having anything serious happen to us. This was an exceedingly pleasant little dream, and we determined to make it come true.

After the Commencement Exercises (so the Seniors called them) the departing company had a dance given them by the Juniors and then when the dance was over the end of the first day had come and we were all ready for a good night's rest and a dream of what we would do the next day. When we awakened on the following morning, we found that a good fairy had touched us with her wand during the night, and had made us Sophomores and more than that, she had made us able to organize our company **ourselves** on this second day.

But, one trouble gone, another is sure to appear. Imagine our surprise, when, on

looking back of us we saw a whole new company following in our footsteps. They had even taken our old name and left us with no choice but to go on with our new name. These Freshmen were our next trouble and I think it rather babyish of you to ask if our own recent experiences did not cause us to sympathize with them. Of course not, for, to begin with, we were never as green as they were and, anyway it would not become us to sympathize with them because they should be taught to fight their own battles. That's the way we had to do. But you know there is an end to all things and our former somewhat severe mood soon began to change and we came at length to sympathize with our new friends to such an extent that we decided to entertain them so we laid aside our cares for a time and gave them a little dance. But 'lo and behold' They were so amiable and sweet at this party that we could not help liking them; and we even remembered (very faintly, though) how we felt when we were little—and young(?)

At the close of the second and third days whole companies completed their pilgrimages and started out into the world and every morning our name was changed and a new company began on its separate journey.

The third day passed for us about as it does for every other company and I have told you the most important event of this day but sometimes the companies have to march a trifle faster on this than on the first and second days because they want to have time for a dance in the evening and must make this time during the day.

But on the fourth day the world wanted to know what we were doing in this somewhat obscure place and so we had to hunt up some bark and write out some account of our doings. This little Enterprise took some of our time and made the fourth day seem almost like a fleeting moment, and besides the pleasant part of the work, we now have a chronicle of the events of this day which, sometime, maybe a thousand years from now will go to make up a vast work in history. (?)

At last the end of the fourth day came and we arrived at Graduation Hill in the same condition, I suppose, as all other gradu-

ates, somewhat puffed up with an idea of our own merits, but perhaps you will pardon this feeling when you remember the old saying, "A Senior is one who knows and knows that he knows." (Of course there is no conceit in that.)

But if you think that you can survive I will not stop just yet but will tell you how our pilgrims appeared when looked upon individually.

Rowena Benson travelled with us all four days. She was a small but very industrious little girl and Oh, how much she knew! She was always ready to help where e'er she could and now her friends are many and her duties are still numerous.

Another lass who journeyed with us all the time was a girl named Kitty Connolly, but she was nearly always called Kitty. A dark-haired child, she was, with her eyes of heaven's own blue. In hard book-learning she put little faith for she said, "'Tis healthier far to play at basket ball." Still the maiden was not devoid of a serious strain.

Then there was a tall and stately lad who worked much but still had time for play. This fellow placed but little faith in the alchemist's theory for he was glad (ys) all the day and believed well that true Go(u)ld could not be found in clay. He was called Charles Denman.

Near to the above lad there marched an athlete who believed much in fun. His hair was black as the raven's wing and curled as if it had been pressed in irons. This pilgrim was named Oliver Banta and o'er his heart was pinned a Pearl.

Anna Burleigh was a studious child, but no, she did not study very much—she never seemed to need to, but somehow she always knew her lessons well. She thought but little on the world, still if you spoke to her, quite pleasantly, she would chat.

Another member of the company who travelled with us during the four days, was Genevieve Farrell. She was a musician and entertained us with her music. Her heart was large and there was room for many lads in it.

There was also a belle with us who knew the art of entertainment quite well, for she could sing and speak and also play, and

when it came to acting, there was no better. No—nowhere, none. Full many a time her talent made us gay. This was Isabel—Isabel Gilbert.

Close by Isabel walked her companion whose name was Gladys Gould. She was a happy girl and she also knew many arts—at the piano she was wonderous learned, but her heart seemed somewhere else. Oh, no, I could never tell you where.

Books and books and then Jessie Scott, a flaxen haired miss. Perhaps she didn't study so much but she really did appear to like books and she knew all things well that e'er she tried to learn. But with all her work she still had time to make and keep her friends.

In case of disputes on the pilgrimage we had a lawyer who did not lack for names, for he was called Blackstone and Comus too, but perhaps you know him; Ralph Comstock was his name. He could act; also boost the rest along, for in persuasion he was very, very strong.

To keep the lawyer company, there was an editor who looked the woods all o'er for

"any news." This fellow's name was Charles Green and he was tall and dark and rather thin. Aside from this, he was awfully wise, for, don't you know, he edited the Enterprise.

There was just another girl who spoke but very seldom, but when she did her words were wisdom, and she was very good and kind. The angel's name was Veta Jones.

We also had another studious boy in the company who made but little sound, yet he worked some and had some fun, and, forsooth, he cared not for the girls, but seemed quite happy for he smiled all the day. This was Seth Mackay.

There was one more boy. Men called him Joseph Glikbarg. He was a partner of the lawyer of whom I have just told you, and he seemed industrious, but perhaps he seemed busier than he was. However, he knew much and his ambition was to be a lawyer.

Now, I have told you the story of the Pilgrims and I hope that you will pardon the misses for, truly, 'twas a miss that wrote it.

ANNA MAY CANEVASCINI.



THE PETALUMA DAILY TRIBUNE

SPECIAL INDUSTRIAL EDITION

Latest News by Leased Wire and by Reporters, both the Shortest in the World.

Delivered free by carrier—so—Everybody Reads the Tribune.

FOREWORD.

The editors have for some time felt weighed down with the thought of the great future that is ahead of this city and its contiguous territory. We wish to say that we believe the future of this city lies before us and not behind; that her future is yet to come; that she will some day be a metropolis; that she is a "May Be," not a "Has Been." We further believe that located as she is on this wrinkled and wavy ribbon of pure silver; this magnificent waterway leading from here outward, that there is nothing that can stop her rapid advancement.

OUR MAGNIFICENT WATERWAY

This stream was made so winding for the sake of "those who go down to the sea in ships." When the "Roosevelt" and the "Fourth of July" and the "Never Hurry," part of the merchant marine of this port, leave their berths along the waterfront to journey to San Francisco, or to Oakland, or to San Rafael, the crews are allowed to stand upon the stern of the vessels and watch their homes gradually fade from view as they move slowly back and forth in their effort to go a good piece without getting far away.

The stream is long and was built on the pattern of the Tamalpais Railroad, the "Crookedest Railroad on Earth."

Within the city limits it is called the waterfront. Its western shore is lined with beautiful mounds of tin cans, crockery, ashes and stones. On the east bank is located a kaleidoscopic store in the nature and form of a josh house. The relics we have tried to bury and burn for the last ten years are here displayed for the attraction of the visitors to our city. Some have been led to surmise that it was intended for a Junk Shop, but it



is not. Read its signs on the side of the building and you will see that it in reality is an Art Store.

TRANSPORTATION FACILITIES.

History tells us that the first roads through this section of the county and leading across the territory now included in the city limits, followed the meanderings of a humble cow. Most of these trails have now been abandoned.

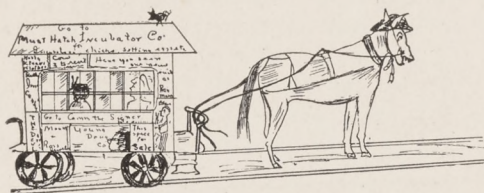
An old Daguerreotype shows the first express company in this city. It shows a lad of six years of age with his little express wagon, a birthday present, ready to carry home the groceries for the family. Through some sad misfortune the name of the boy has been forgotten.



From this humble beginning the traffic increased until there were six such wagons within the limits. It must be remembered in this connection that the corporate limits did not extend as far as at present.

Years passed on. A local Croesus planned and opened for the use of the public an elaborate system of street railway. It was a two-rail track and the cars were operated by means of horse-power. The rolling stock consisted of a large, well-ventilated brooder-house known by many as "The Incubator Car." It also served as a travelling sign-board and in this way blinded many to the use for which it was originally constructed

Some time after the line was opened for travel it became necessary to double the motive power of the road, and the one lean horse was furnished with a lean companion. The future looked bright. Petaluma now had a road for the rich and the near-rich. It was a road built and operated for the transportation of those who need not hurry, and it fulfilled its mission to the letter.



But the city has grown. The mad rush of the crowds hastening to catch the morning train made it too dangerous to operate "The Incubator" any longer and it was taken away and put to its rightful use. The track was taken up and sold to a junk man. The city is now putting down asphalt pavement along the old line in order to hide the last vestige of our early greatness.

In addition to the facilities offered by the street railway, now a mere memory, we have the Electric Road leading from here to somewhere else and providing ample service if you want to go on their time. It is claimed by some that a branch of this line extends to Santa Rosa, a thriving inland village on the edge of the hop country.

Lying beyond this is the Scenic Road of California, known as we go to press as "The North Western Pacific." It will change its name again next week. This line is one of the busiest in the state. Its freight engines are employed to move cars across the street just as the crowds are rushing to catch the last train to the city. When the travel is so



heavy that the regular freight cannot block the track all of the time, an extra engine is kept to assist in switching.

The Telegraph and the Telephone companies maintain their own offices and their own rates. The times was "within the memory of the oldest inhabitants" when it took a week to get a message or letter from Cloverdale to Petaluma. That was several years ago. Now a telegram arriving here before



A hurry call.

8 a. m. will be delivered anywhere inside the city limits that same day, Sundays and holidays excepted.

OUR NEW BUILDINGS.

We are pleased to be able to announce that plans are nearly complete for several notable additions to the list of fine buildings in our city.

Just around the corner is to be the "Home of the Chamber of Commerce and The Petaluma Merchants' Association." The building is to be large enough to permit the whole of its name to be painted on one large sign across the front. Here you will find a place

to leave your bundles, to read your mail, and to learn to patronize home industries. You will also have a chance to see the place where they make a noise like ten thousand population in the next five years!

On the corner over there is the place chosen for the location of the fine three-story hotel. All above the first story is already cleared. As soon as the old one-story livery stable burns down, and the Electric Road builds its line to this corner, and the citizens guarantee two hundred regular boarders and insure running expenses, this building will be put up. The plans are already drawn, the members of the "Morning Glory Club" and of the "Knights Out Club," two leading bands of morning and evening street-



corner statesmen, have added their corrections and changes, and now all that stands in the way of the early or immediate completion of the work is the arranging of the minor details mentioned above.

A new saddle factory is soon to be erected on the East Side. This is a wonderful institution. It is the place where they pay a delicate compliment to the horse by tanning his hide for use in making a saddle to be used on some other horse.

AVIATION FIELD.

We are pleased to be able to confirm the rumor to the effect that the famous Wright Brothers, who have won fame with their flying machines, have leased the High School grounds for an aviation field where they hope to develop some of their latest ideas. School will be conducted as usual.

In speaking of the lease the Messrs Wright said when seen recently, 'We are pleased to be able to secure this fine location. It is just what we want. We have been looking for some time for a spot where we would have plenty of elevation. We have wanted to get the crest of a hill so steep that but few persons could manage to hold on at any one time and we have found it. This place has plenty of elevation and a beautiful view. The first is a necessity in our business and the second doesn't hurt us any. We notice some signs of a jumping pit and other athletic accessories but they have all been lost. Perhaps they have been swept from their moorings and have slid down the hillside where they were broken to pieces. By reference to the score made by the P. H. S. boys we judge that no such thing as athletic grounds have been known or used here for several decades. About the only practice available for the sprinters has been that of "shinning" up the stately flag-pole. Some alarming records have been made here, especially on the downward lap.



THE ANCIENT SCHOOL TEACHER.

There was an ancient school teacher,
He stoppeth one of three;
"By thy little round hat and solemn mein,
Now, wherefore stopps't thou me?"
He held him with his glittering eye,
"Tho art a knave," queth he,
"For thou tooks't a small green apple,
That grew on yonder tree."

Spud Murphy was a gallant lad,
And forthwith up spake he,
"Thou must have never been a boy,
When thou wast ten and three."
Who has not swiped an apple,
Or shot spitballs in school,
Or who is it that has as yet
Not broken the Golden Rule?

PEACE



WHEN my sister and I decided to move into the country, the first thing she said was that we should have a cow. "Now," said Grace enthusiastically, "by

keeping a cow we can have all the milk and butter we need and perhaps have a little to sell. We can let her eat in that little lot back of the house and when there is no more grass there we can tie her on the road where there is some."

I was always the pessimistic one of the family so as usual I hunted for trouble.

"Who will do the milking?" I ventured. "Why," and my sister looked at me scornfully, "anybody can milk; it's very simple, and besides, when I visited Uncle Jerry's place when I was a child, I used to milk old Bessie. She was a kind, gentle, old cow. Perhaps we can persuade Uncle to sell her to us." "I think not," I answered sarcastically, "for you must remember it is twenty five years since you have been to Uncle's and Bessie was quite an ancient animal at that time."

However, sister was not to be discouraged, so at last a meek looking cow with crooked horns was purchased from a neighbor who sold her for twenty-five dollars and brought her right to the house. "She was an extraordinary animal for her age" he told us. "Why she was only twelve years old, yet she was the gentlest cow to get into the barn he ever knew. She would follow you all around the field sometimes, and had been known to give as much as two quarts of milk at one time." With this brilliant recommendation we were satisfied and I confess that I had a feeling of pride when I first saw her grazing in the pasture lot back of the house.

That evening about five o'clock my sister got up with an air of importance and said she guessed it was about time to milk Peace, for that was what we had decided to call her, on account of her extremely docile expression. In a most dignified manner she donned a red sunbonnet, picked up the

brand new bucket and proceeded to the pasture lot to bring Peace into the barn; I stood in the door and watched her. She opened the gate between the barnyard and pasture, and, advancing a few steps, called, "Come Peace, come Peace!" Peace lifted her head and shook it, but did not move. Sister started toward her still calling. Peace waited till she had progressed halfway across the lot and then she started. Her look was wild and threatening and her movements speedy. Grace waited a minute then turned and ran, throwing her bucket on the ground. Her bonnet flew off, but she did not stop. On came Peace. As she approached the discarded bonnet she lowered her head, caught it on an upturned horn, stopped, shook her head angrily, then walked sedately into the barn and commenced eating the hay put there for her benefit.

If sister had lost her head readily she regained her presence of mind as easily. She marched boldly into the barn and shut Peace in. Then she recovered her bucket, and seating herself on a cracker-box by her side, commenced the operation of milking. She was somewhat inexperienced and in half an hour had about two teacupfuls of milk in the pail. Peace had finished her hay and looked around. There was the same wicked gleam in her eye that I had noticed when she was racing so madly after the red sunbonnet. "Look out," I warned Grace. "She looks dangerous."

Grace tossed her head and was about to make a disdainful reply when—

Bang!

and up went the bucket of milk into her face, knocking her off from the box to the floor where she managed by some miraculous stunts to escape the flying feet of Peace, and then fainted.

When she came to, the first words she said were, "Peace, Peace! Where is Peace!"

I suppose this story should end by our selling the cow and giving it up as a bad job, but we did not. We have her yet but we pay a neighbor boy four dollars a month for taking care of her.

SHIRLEY BOCK.

ON GOING TO SCHOOL



WID we ever hear anywhere in all our lives of anyone who ever regretted that he had gone to school, or who ever afterwards wished that he had gone less? Probably not, if the time while there was not misapplied.

Education has ever been regarded as the very best form of wealth. Assess it as highly as we choose—it involves no taxes. It cannot be lost in the chances of commerce.

"With all thy getting get understanding," are the words of Solomon, a man wiser than any of us. "Take fast hold of instruction; let her not go: keep her; for she is thy life."

That we cannot take our material wealth with us when we die is being demonstrated all the while. But if "instruction is thy life," who is there to say we may not carry it across? At least we do not seem to leave it behind.

In this country, of ours it is said there is no aristocracy, save an aristocracy of intellect. In the last analysis this appears to be true. Best of all, in the United States of America its door is open to every one who will enter in.

Some boys and girls have a bad philosophy with respect to going to school. They think that if they stop school to earn a few dollars now, they will accomplish a certain gain. It is not true. What is mental emancipation worth? What are a few dollars and the handicap of ignorance, compared to greater efficiency all through life or to increased power to produce much or acquire greatly in an honest way, to say nothing of the larger pleasures of a more cultured mind?

I know personally a young man who mistakenly went out of school and had reached the limit of his earning power at twenty-six. He then decided at that late date to go to college, and did so at great temporary sacrifice and in the face of ac-

cumulated difficulties which would have discouraged many. But during the next four years his efficiency was improved, he reaped an intellectual gain, and his earnings were enlarged in the same work 100 per cent. **It will do the same for you.**

The problem of going to either high school or college involves, of course, the decision to go. We might reason somewhat thus: "I have the next four years to live. I shall have to spend them somewhere and in some way. At the end of that time I must look back. I must then say, 'I am a college graduate,' or 'I am not a college graduate,' which shall it be?"

The answer to such a question is our future life. We stand at "the parting of the way." As soon as one's absolute responsibility for his future is definitely realized, so soon does the result become like destiny itself—the course of events cannot be changed. A human life, obscure though its meaning is, must be recognized as a mysterious trust. We go to college because, put upon inquiry, we choose to execute our guardianship in the most intelligent way.

More practically speaking, a boy or girl who enters the high school is from thirteen to seventeen years of age. Normally, he enters the university at from seventeen to twenty. He has a prospect looking out toward the future of perhaps sixty to seventy years. Is it not a debt the youth owes to his after years to secure an education, which he might do in so few months comparatively speaking, so that he shall have the use of it during all of the subsequent time? It is only honorable to pay one's debts, and it is dishonorable not to pay them,—even the debts that one owes to himself.

It must be clear that it is not all of either high school or college merely to go there. There are involved also the items of ability and willingness to work. It is not economy for a community to keep all kinds of pupils in school. Dr. Jordan puts it thus: "It is a mistake to put a \$2000 education on a \$2 boy." Schools and books and teachers must be generously provided,—and in Petaluma they are—but the real work of the school will be defeated unless

there is the capacity to profit, or the disposition of the pupil to take fast hold for himself when he comes. The work of the school is **education**, and every enemy to that work is **waste**.

An instructor at Stanford once remarked, "Some people come here because they want to know,—others because they want to appear to know." In the high school this classification should be enlarged. It includes also those who come merely because they are "sent"—sometimes neither often, nor on time. But we shall not be too hard on our parents or their girls and boys. If from all that are thrown into our hopper we might reject just a few the average product would be better than it is. We accept all who come to the high school with credentials, and make the most of it as long as we can, though they come at different ages and various sizes, both physically and otherwise.

The writer can look back over several generations of high school students. There are some things which invariably appear. A very large percentage of the Freshmen make a failure of it and quit before the end of the year. There does not seem to be any assignable reason for this except that they are at an unstable age and their mental vision is not yet focused clearly. Deviltry and insubordination generally gets in the way of some at some time or another. The "spring fever" catches others of them all along the course.

It is best for pupils to cultivate a wholesome hatred for a "quitter" of any kind and to avoid training themselves to become one. "A firm purpose steadily held trains the faculties to strength and aptness." As in a foot race, so with a school term, the greatest part is the **finish** of it. Do not quit before the end of the school term. Do not go home before the work of the day is done. Do not give up a lesson before it is thoroughly learned. It has been said that if pupils would pronounce the last syllable of every word distinctly, one-half the time of teaching and learning would be saved. We always remember our school days as by far our happiest days. Therefore, let us rejoice to remain in them as long as ever we can. **Finish them.**

There are secrets to the enjoyment of going to school. If you would enjoy your school work for a whole term you must **love** it. You must throw your whole soul into it. You must practice self-denial for its sake. You must be unwilling, almost to the point of desperation, to be tardy or absent, or to come to the recitation "unprepared." You must obey and promote the spirit of the rules of the school, not merely that your liberties may be enlarged while there, but that you may develop a civic conscience for your citizenship after you leave off. You cannot break school laws and be disposed to be law-abiding in life. You must study at home religiously two hours an evening, five evenings a week. Should it seem burdensome, let us remember "there is no royal road to learning." If learning could be had without labor and without price all would have it, no doubt. We can always console our efforts with the thought, "If anyone knows more than I do he had to learn it first."

As to study itself there is also something to say. "Study worthy of the name of study forgets for the time being everything else." "It is like a strong man struggling with a giant." "The whole soul must be aroused in fixed rapt attention, the mind being bent upon making just one thing its own." It is not a "listless pouring over books." There is a plethora of quotations here, but the thought I borrow is good, it has its merit of authority, and therefore I use it. Such study as this is difficult until one has acquired the power to accomplish it. To study well requires cultivation. But hard study is not unpleasant. On the contrary, it is really a pleasure to the trained student—the pleasure of an athlete in a contest. It, of course, brings exhaustion with it, and must be followed by relaxation. Herein lies the value of well regulated athletics. Not the sort of athletics that trains only the few exceptional students for interschool events, though that has its proper place, but the general physical activity of all to the end that they may study more successfully.

We often hear of folks who lost their health at school "by hard study." It isn't so. Nobody ever lost their health that way. Frequently health is **lost** at school by lack

of sufficient exercise, by keeping unseasonable hours, or by not taking proper nourishment. One cannot study too hard. My young friends, suffer not yourselves to become afraid.

There is a beautiful passage in Longfellow's "Hyperion," not *mal a propos*, which I wish that all might read. I will close by quoting it:

"We behold all round about us one vast union, in which no man can labor for himself without laboring at the same time for all others; a glimpse of truth, which, by the universal harmony of things, becomes an inward benediction, and lifts the soul mightily upward. Still more so when a man regards himself as a necessary member of that union. The feeling of our dignity and our power grows strong when we say to ourselves, "My being is not objectless and in vain; I am a necessary link in the great

chain which, from the full development of consciousness in the first man, reaches forward into eternity. All the great, and wise, and good among mankind, all the benefactors of the human race, whose names I read in the world's history, and the still greater number of those whose good deeds have outlived their names,—all those have labored for me. I have entered into their harvest. I walk the green earth which they inhabited. I tread in their footsteps, from which blessings grow. I can undertake the sublime task which they once undertook, the task of making our common brotherhood wiser and happier. I can build forward, where they were forced to leave off; and bring nearer to perfection the great edifice which they left uncompleted. At length I, too, must leave and go hence."

IRVIN PASSMORE.

An Untold Joke

Well even if I can't go, I do wish I could have some fun. I believe I am homesick already. Nobody answered—perhaps they were thinking of some plan for the "fun" in question. Dot was spending a week with her country cousins on the sand hills by the beautiful Pacific. On this second night of her visit, there was to be a dance in the nearest village, some seven miles distant. The eldest of the cousins, Nina, had the distinction of having a "steady" (who was, on this evening, to take her to the dance.) "O yes, you want to have some fun, but if we were to suggest anything you would be the first to back out," said Nina, as she came out to where the rest were sitting.

"Just try me then," instantly put in Dot. "I believe I would do anything tonight for I—

"Will you put on that dress of mine, that I wore to everything I ever went to until this last time?"

"I can't see how that will do her any good," doubtfully suggested one of the boys.

"O, won't it?" asked Nina, at the same time winking at Dot, who jumped up and the two left the room together.

Five minutes later the roll of wheels was heard and followed by a knock at the door.

"Come right in Guy. Nina will be ready in a minute." So Guy came in and joined the happy group.

"You had better wear a good veil as it's windy and cold out," said her mother, and Nina's voice answered from her room: her intention of so doing. Soon Nina came out, heavily veiled and wearing the dress she had told Dot to put on. It being late they left the house and were soon out of hearing. An instant later the door of Nina's room opened and she came out bubbling with laughter.

"Well! I never dreamed I looked so much like Dot" she explained, "I do hope Guy knows the difference."

No one ever knew under what circumstances Guy did see the difference, suffice it to say in about ten minutes the buggy was again at the door but this time left with the original Nina. Even Guy thought it a good joke, but as to what happened and how he discovered his mistake, neither he nor Dot would tell, Dot declaring it was altogether too good to give away.

KITTY CONNOLLY.

CYCLING



HE circus was coming to town. For the younger children this was one of the great events of the year, for the music, the clowns, animals and all

the various other things that go with a circus are an attraction which even the older and less frivolous cannot deny. So it was with us. We were a gay company, boys and girls ranging from fourteen to nineteen, all jolly, good-natured, young people and not the least bit quiet unless the occasion demanded it.

There was no question about the circus coming. The real question was, "Can we go?" It was everywhere. The only reply was, that we could go in the afternoon as we always had, but we were too young to go so far at night. We were too careless to even think of it. This was what our parents said and was seconded by other elders, bachelors and maiden-aunts not excepted. Had we known or thought what might happen we would have heeded this advice.

At last we gained permission to go. We were determined to gain our point and begged till our request was granted. There was one condition that we had to abide by. We had to find some way of going beside walking. No one was particularly desirous to have us make the trip, so we couldn't borrow or beg a wagon to take us. We had about given up the plan when someone said, "Let's take our bikes." This suggestion was quickly adopted, for we all had bicycles and could ride. A bicycle ride on a lovely moonlight night is enough to tempt anyone out.

So it was agreed that we should take our wheels and go on the three mile ride to town the night of the circus. Our trip was the object of conversation, for it was an event which we had never before experienced. It was discussed at school, at home and everywhere.

Priscella's mother's sister lived with us. She was not married for in fact, she was a

"young lady" being only thirty-seven. Our conversation stirred up long buried events in her past life. She began to sit up and take interest in our plans and offer suggestions as to what she would do if she were we.

Cousin Phil was visiting us at the time. He was jolly and full of mischief. He immediately formed a plan which made our little trip a better success than we had even dreamed of.

One night Priscilla began to tell us how she used to ride a wheel when she was a young girl, how she used to go on similar journeys to the one we were planning and what sport it was. Suddenly Phil asked, "Oh! er Aunt Priscilla, why can't you go with us! It would be pleasant for you to do so." "It would, indeed. Phil dear," but maybe I have forgotten how to ride although it hasn't been very long since I was as old as you children." (She always wanted to appear young.)

I knew that when Phil said anything there was sport coming, so I took his part. "Well," I answered, "it wouldn't take long for you to practice up, and I am sure you can use my wheel if mother will let me use sister's. Don't you want to try?"

"Well I guess not," she said, "I guess you don't want my company very much, although I really think it is the duty of someone who is a little older to go along and act as chaperon."

"That's the way to talk," said Phil. "We need a chaperon and you'r just the person we need." Then he added, "You know your duty Aunt."

"It is indeed," I added.

It took a little persuasion. She agreed to go but secretly told me I would have to help her "practice up a bit." I told Phil and we managed the practicing to perfection.

Our dear Aunt Priscilla was very sedate and wanted to appear so everywhere. Everything around her must be just so. I thought this was a chance to cure her. I had Phil hide in the hedge so he could enjoy the fun of seeing Aunt Priscilla ride. She was very nervous and was almost afraid to start. Finally after telling her

that it was all right and that she wouldn't fall she started out, going along near the fence.

I never had so much fun. I couldn't laugh out loud for Aunt would hear me even if she could not see me. It was after dark, for Priscilla would never let people watch her ride in broad daylight. As I said she started out along the fence holding on with one hand and guiding the wheel with the other. Every time she let go of the fence, she let out a screech which sounded more like an Indian war-whoop than the cry of a poor woman in distress. After each cry she was so nervous that as she held the wheel, the chain actually rattled.

Finally she grew braver and let go of the fence and started out. I didn't know exactly how it happened then and it still remains a mystery how she stayed on that wheel. I had forgotten to turn the wheel toward the level ground. She started out and couldn't stop. Away she went down the hill faster and faster. Phil heard her screams, and jumping on his wheel, started in pursuit to see what would happen.

At a bend in the road she disappeared from sight with Phil after her shouting for her to stop her wheel. I knew it was no use to follow for the hill was long, but I was too anxious and excited to wait to see what became of Aunt. I knew if anything serious happened I would hear a scream, for Aunt's shrill voice could be heard half a mile, more or less. Why she didn't squeal anyway is a wonder to me, but I suppose she was so scared she forgot how. Anyway I never heard a sound and waited for what seemed like ages for their return.

Finally they hove in sight. They were walking slowly along and Phil was talking and laughing. Her face was very pale and I thought she would faint any minute. My conscience hurt awfully, for it was partly at my suggestion that she rode. Phil told me afterwards that it was a miracle that she went down that hill without going over the bank, and when she got to the foot she couldn't say a word for about ten minutes, she was so scared.

Her practice progressed daily with no other mishap ~~and~~ slight fall now and then and finally by flattery we persuaded her

that she could ride and she promised to act as chaperon on our trip.

The night finally arrived. It was a lovely night, clear and cold with a new moon to brighten the road. It was windy. That was all that was against us and it proved to be for us in one way. Aunt Priscilla nearly gave up her part at the last minute but Phil and I persuaded her to go, telling her how hard we had worked teaching her to ride. For a reward to our training she promised to go.

As we went along talking and laughing, the question of speed came up. I longed to tell of Aunt Priscilla's speedy trip but did not like to hurt her feelings, so refrained from mentioning it. Someone suggested that we race along a level wooded portion of the road just ahead. Accordingly, when the spot was reached we increased the speed of our ride. I offered to go slow with Aunt Priscilla. In remembrance of her late flight down the hill she begged us not to race, but it was not a hard matter to change her mind and finally she agreed to race with us.

Away we flew across the level stretch of road ahead. It was partly dark and difficult to see the way but we managed to reach the end without a mishap. We rode on, laughing about our race and complimenting each other on our skill at cycling. I soon discovered that Priscilla was not with our party, so several of us slowed up in order that she might catch up to us.

One by one the rest of the little company stopped and turned back to meet us. Still Priscilla did not come. We got off and walked. Still she did not come. At last we stopped altogether and waited, but no Priscilla appeared.

Our first feeling that something had happened turned into great anxiety and we turned back with less care-free faces than we had had before. We retraced our route for quite a distance but no Priscilla could be found. We called, but our only answer was the whistling of the wind. Phil and I looked at each other in dismay. "Where is she?" "What has happened to her?" were the questions on every tongue. Still she could not be found. We came to the little wooded level, the scene of our race and passed it, but still no Priscilla. We came

to the spot where we had last seen her but she was nowhere to be seen. Our feelings at that moment cannot be described. It seemed that she had vanished from under our very eyes and it was a mystery where she was. We entered the wood again and resumed our search, for it would have been possible for her to fall there easily since it was partially dark.

We were in the midst of our search when the cry of "Halt!" was heard. We stopped and it seemed as if our hearts did too for a minute. Our fears were over in an instant,

for a titter and giggle followed this stern command and we found ourselves surrounded on every hand by—not robbers, but friends—friends among the elder circle of young people. Priscilla had planned to have them wait for her and give us a scare.

We at last proceeded on our way, leaving Priscilla to our late robbers.

Our ride that night was a success but when we asked to take another trip we were told we were too careless. And we had reason to believe it.

MARY MENARY.

Johnny's Revenge



JOHNNY had always had a revengeful feeling toward Phil, ever since the time when he first started to school and Phil, along with some of the others, had teased

and tormented him. Johnny was now nine years old, and Phil was quite a young man; but Johnny was still waiting for a chance to pay up old scores.

Phil came up to their house quite often to borrow a book or on some such errand, but Johnny always noticed that his sister, Alice, put an extra curl in her hair, and even blackened her shoes at such times, so he decided the time was coming for the carrying out of his plans.

One dark, rainy Sunday Johnny noticed that Alice curled her hair elaborately, put on her best pink hair bow and new dress, and built a fire in the parlor fire-place, which was seldom used. Now was his time. Johnny was seen strolling away from the house and was not seen for some time, and just as Alice was putting the finishing touches on her hair, she saw Johnny come whistling out of the parlor with his hands in his pockets and a very unconcerned look on his face. Alice's thoughts were too busily engaged to pay any attention to him, and soon he was entirely forgotten in the more enjoyable occupation of entertain-

ing Phil. Everything was progressing nicely until Phil suggested some music as Alice was a good musician and he quite a singer. Alice blushing went to the piano and selected the enchanting song "Monterey" as the first selection. After about five minutes' times busily spent in arranging her ruffles and making sure that her collar was straight, she softly touched the keys. "Thump, thump, thump!" went the piano, and Alice's face became redder than ever. She thought some mistake had been made, so she tried again, but with worse results than before. "Clang, clang, clang!" stubbornly echoed from the interior regions of the instrument. By this time Phil came to the rescue and offered to investigate. He was busily engaged peering into the dark depths of the piano when "swish" something flew by his ear and landed with a thump on the floor. Alice screamed and sought refuge on a chair entirely forgetting her starched ruffles and immaculate ribbons, and Phil arose from under the table with a big green frog held gingerly in the tips of his fingers, and a very red face and dishevelled hair.

If anyone had been watching just outside of the parlor window they would have seen a small boy turn a double handspring about that time, and then hastily retreat to the safer regions of the barn, for Johnny knew his plan was working well, and felt quite satisfied with his revenge.

ROSA COLE.



PROPHECY



INCE Fate had deemed it proper that I, with my high aimed ideas and sky-reaching ideals, should in the year 1930 be nothing save plain "Miss Connolly, residing with her parents," I resolved to out-wit Destiny and see what Providence would do for me. Still possessing those rash and outlandish qualities which had characterized me as a high school student, I found myself leaving San Francisco March 2, 1930, togged out in man's clothes from hat to shoes.

Do not think I had left my native town without a sigh or regret, for though different

circumstances held me apart from some of my old friends it did not lower my interest in their welfare.

Genevive Farrell had long reigned an undisputed belle, and at the age of thirty-eight still possessed many of the charming ways which had made her so popular as a girl. Among her most encouraged friends stood Seth McKay. He was a prosperous farmer living on his own place several miles from town. His ranch was especially devoted to the raising of all species of nuts and from outward appearances, they must have been a success. His relations with Genevive, however, were not so favorable and at the time of my departure I am afraid there was small opportunity for Seth.

I will not bore you with a long account of my travels, but there were some incidents too interesting not to be printed.

I found myself on an extremely warm afternoon walking on a country road in Western New York. At a school yard I had stopped to procure a drink. Attracted by voices, I drew near the window. The interior of that school house was a sight to behold! The walls and ceiling were completely covered with clinging and climbing vines, the teacher's desk at the first appearance looked to be a huge green bush, but on careful inspection, I made some wonderful discoveries. The lower part of the desk consisted of fern plants, which came from the ground, incisions being made in the floor for them. The ferns had been trained till across the desk they wrote "Don't whisper." On the nearest end of the desk sat a pot containing a climbing plant from which I soon worked out the multiplication table of the "twos." Behind the desk sat the golden-haired teacher, a large bunch of lilies in her belt and her hair decorated with several pink roses. Of course you all know by this time that the teacher was Jessie Scott. I was in a great fix! I had an overwhelming desire to run up and kiss Jessie and here I was in a man's clothes. I had not time to think it out before the children ran past me and I found myself face to face with Jessie. "If she don't recognize me I'll not tell her who I am," I decided, as I boldly walked up to her. I had not the slightest idea what to say, but started with "Do you think I can make Arlington by night on foot?"

"Oh yes, 'tis less than a mile," answered Jessie. "I am on my way there myself and am on the lookout for someone to carry my suitcase."

I saw a good opportunity to urge my acquaintance, so volunteered to assist her. She proved to be quite congenial and told me she boarded with Rowena Benson, who lived on a small farm just across from the school house. Rowena, she said, was an old school-mate of her's who was writing some sort of a natural history and living a novel life in the meantime. She had two cows and one horse, but the horse had died last week, because the hired man had overfed it and Rowena was now without either man or horse. Of course I was greatly interested in what she said about Rowena, but was afraid to say much since Jessie gave no hint

she suspected who I was. We reached the station of Arlington just as the train rounded into sight. How I hated to see Jessie go without disclosing who I was. I waited till the train stopped and as she turned to me for her baggage I said hurriedly: "Did you once know a girl named Kitty Connolly?"

"Hand me my baggage, sir," she said frowning at my very words.

She jumped on the train and it pulled out, leaving me in no very pleasant frame of mind you may be sure. I resolved to visit Rowena and see if my reception would not be more cordial. Rowena was out of a man, I would apply for the position; luck was surely with me this time!

I found Rowena the same as ever; two minutes after I spoke to her she gave me the position for which I had asked and rattled off my duties as if they had been a theorem in geometry. She wanted a horse, but had been unable to secure one. She and I were to go into town the next day and see what we could do along the horse line. We did as planned and when we arrived in the town we found the streets filled with people. Upon inquiry we learned that it was circus day. Rowena said we should not have time to bother about such foolishness, until she learned they had a horse, too old to learn any new tricks, and they would dispose of it at a very low price. Consequently we journeyed over to the grounds. We found the horse and as everything seemed satisfactory, nothing remained but to pay the manager. This was left for me to do and I was directed to where I might find that honorable party.

You can't imagine who the manager was! Ralph Comstock. He stood upon the platform spelling off to a few hundred people the great qualities of his show. Some of the things quite amazed me. Altho he gave away two dollar prizes with every fifty cent ticket, he still was prosperous, and looked a perfect picture of health. Unfortunately, Rowena had gone back to town and there was no chance of her seeing Ralph. I waited patiently until he was at his leisure, then approached him. He was very friendly, told me the horse had been a splendid dancer once upon a time, but was no longer capable of anything clever. I paid him for the horse,

he wished me good luck, and as I was just about to leave, turned to him with my most winning (as I thought) smile and said, "Ever hear of a Kitty Connolly, a—"

"Your'e through with your business and we don't want any loafers around here," he said, with an angry scowl, and walked abruptly away.

Slowly I led my horse back to town, where I was to meet Rowena. If my name was to have the same effect upon everyone, I resolved to part from Rowena without disclosing my identity. The wagon was in town being repaired, so we hitched up our new horse and started for home. Passing through the town we encountered a funeral, and stopped in order to let it pass. Just as it reached us, a band which was in the lead, struck up a slow, sad march, and on the same instant our newly purchased horse rose upon his hind legs and started down the main street in the most perfect cake-walk ever performed. Rowena was mortified and I became frightened. I simply could not stop him and in despair handed the reins to Rowena, who succeeded no better than I did until the music was out of hearing, when our horse walked peacefully again on all fours. The fact that he was behaving himself did not seem to have a satisfying effect upon Rowena, who blamed me for the whole ridiculous affair and discharged me on the spot. I left her without another word.

Three months later found me job-man for an insane asylum in Kansas. One morning I was instructed to go to the second story and wash the windows in the hall. I had carried out my instructions and was returning down stairs, when I heard a voice that made me stop. I crept close to the door and listened. "Since none received a majority, the election fell to the House of Representatives, who choose Adams. Jackson always claimed that if you fellows won't come out and practice you can't expect to—methought I heard a voice cry, 'Sleep no more, Macbeth doth shoot goals as if you knew how, good playing—If a straight line be drawn from A to C we have a—fowl on that fellow for —"

I went downstairs and found on the register, "Oliver Banta, athletics and over-study.—Case hopeful."

I jumped my job as soon as I had strength to leave the place.

In the course of human events, I reached California. It was in that dull and mysterious October that I was walking along a beautiful country road. A large wagon half filled with empty fruit boxes passed by me and, making the best of the opportunity, I jumped on behind. We had gone some little distance when I noticed the initials, C. E. D. burned on the boxes. I became interested, and making the acquaintance of the driver, inquired who the owner of the boxes might be. From him I learned much of Charles Denman's history since leaving school. It was quite uneventful, and there is little to interest my readers but that he owns a large ranch in the southern part of the state, but makes his home in town. He had not married, much to my surprise, and, as the driver informed me, to the disgust of the eligibles of the surrounding country. I inquired where I might find him and decided I would see him if possible. It was while I was on that errand, walking down the main street, that I carelessly read this sign "Anna Burleigh, Lawyer for Women only." I read it a second time, and then a third time—and before I had time to read it the fourth I was in front of a door labeled "Walk in." Already I heard that familiar voice. I hesitated at the door. How surprised she would be. I had the knob turned when I was roughly seized by the shoulder by a man in a blue uniform and wearing a star.

"Can't you read 'For Women Only?'," he shouted, pointing to the sign.

"But I am. Well— but—" I stammered, but seeing no way out of the difficulty I allowed myself to be taken to the police station and placed in a cell. I was getting tired of these "Happy Hooligan" adventures and wished I had stayed at home. At length I became interested in my fellow prisoners. Into the cell on my right I could not see but from the slight movements coming from that direction, supposed it to be inhabited. My suspicion was confirmed when I heard a step on the walk outside and someone entered the adjoining cell. A lively conversation ensued and at the first instant I believed I knew the voice, but it immediately changed, and I decided it was strange to me.

Again I listened and could swear Joseph Glikbarg was in the next apartment. I was about to put my mouth to the barred door and call, "Glik," when someone passing prevented me. I looked up and found the brown eyes of Anna May looking straight into mine.

"Kitty," she said, as she came toward me, "What in the world are you doing here?"

It took some time for me to explain and I read disapproval on her face but shut her off from saying anything by asking a few hundred questions.

After leaving school Anna May had become a trained nurse. One of her patients had been an old woman, who took a fancy to her and upon her death, left an immense fortune to Anna May, who was now on a pleasure trip. She asked me if I had seen any of the other members of our class as there were several members in the city. I told her of Charles Denman and then of the incident in the cell on my right. She said it probably was Joe as he was now a detective in the civil service. He had become a lawyer, she told me, but after practicing for a few years, discovered his genius lay more along the detective line. One of the great points in his favor was that he could completely change his voice. He had had great success but had probably not reached the height of his fame.

Anna May then asked me if I had seen Veta.

"No," I answered, "Tell me about her."

"You must see her yourself," replied Anna May, "before you leave, as her home is in this city."

She would give me no particulars, declaring I should see her before long. I proceeded to inquire what Anna May might know about the other members of the class.

Isabel was married and living in Martinez, California.

After leaving High School Gladys had entered the University, and taken a course in Latin. She had then gone on a tour of the world, and had been away two years. When she returned, she had no difficulty in finding a position in the good old P. H. S. as a teacher of language. She took Prof. Singer's place, as he desired to give all his attention to his chickens, his ranch having assumed large proportions. Gladys had only shortly

been in the position a short time, when she met a young theological student, with the usual result. They had both gone off to China as missionaries.

"And Charles," I volunteered. "Well," she said with a shake of her head, "it would be rather hard to explain about him. Do you remember how taken he used to be with electricity, etc., and what a hobby he had for the physics room? Well, from all reports he is going to make good use of his knowledge. He has a studio in San Francisco and stays in it day and night, working out the great problem of "life." Some people say he is crazy, while others declare him a wonder. He, himself claims that he has discovered a means by which the dead are brought back to life. He expects to have this plan perfected within another year. Of course we'd all love to see him succeed but I am afraid it is an impossibility."

For a few minutes I sat musing over what I had heard, until the voice of the keeper brought us to the present situation.

"I shall see that you are released immediately," declared Anna May, as she started off, "but on this one condition; you must give up this disguise and do not attempt to see me until you are yourself again." She handed me her address and left.

I stood at the door pondering over all that had happened that afternoon. I decided as soon as I was free to go directly home, and later return and visit this place which contained so much of interest to me. I wondered what had happened at home since I left. How Genevieve and Seth were progressing. I reflected too on my adventures in the far east. I wondered if Rowena's horse had ever performed for the school children across the road. My dream was suddenly disturbed by someone passing. A woman dressed in black. She held no particular interest for me until she turned around and walked slowly back. Who could ever forget those bright black eyes and that pathetic face. She fingered something in her hand and I recognized a small Bible. That Veta Jones was a missionary I had no doubt. I longed to know more about her but under the circumstances, refrained from speaking.

A look of perfect contentment rested on her features and I knew that Fate had so far

dealt kindly with her. Without observing me, she slowly passed and disappeared from my sight. A few minutes more and I was free. I followed in the direction I had last seen her but no Veta was to be found.

I took the train for San Francisco and thoroughly enjoyed myself watching the maneuvers of the different people as they got off and on at the various stations. But they were all strangers to me and my interest began to wane. I'll confess I must have dozed off to sleep for awhile, for when I opened my eyes the seat across was occupied by exceedingly attractive people. Nor was I the only one interested. Isabel Gilbert and company held the attention of the entire car. Although Isabel still retained the lovely face of the girl of eighteen, I fear the "company"

deserved first place. Two little girls, perfect Isabels over again, in five minutes won the hearts of everybody.

I remember Isabel's musical ability and the career she had planned when her voice had had sufficient training, and wondered she had been content to sing a baby's lullaby, in place of some famous opera. Our dreams of girlhood are often miserable failures, as I had long realized in regard to my own lot, but you are happy Isabel, what else did you wish?

She came all the way to San Francisco with us, but I lost trace of her in the confusion there, and, as I was worn out by my many adventures I decided that it was home for me as fast as I could make it.

KITTY CONNOLLY



FISHERMAN'S LUCK



HAT'S all the boat will hold," thought he. Fishing had been excellent all day and he had loaded his boat to the brim. As he realized that the dory

would not hold another cod, he began to pull in his lines.

"It's getting late," said he to himself as he looked at the sun which was sinking from sight, "I'll have a merry pull to make before I go those twelve miles to shore." He was fishing off a long, narrow cape and the tides were swift along there. "Well, anyhow the kids and Marjorie can have some new clothes if I make many more catches like this."

Suddenly there was a flash followed by a peal of thunder. Glancing to the northwest he saw that the sky was already black and that one of those terrific storms that frequent that coast, would be on him in less than three quarters of an hour.

He had been going half an hour already and had made great speed, considering the circumstances. "She's coming," said he as he felt a large drop of water on the back of his neck. Then he thought of the danger and what the loss of his life would mean to his family and he pulled as he never pulled before. The heavily laden boat shot forward and with the gain of speed, he was inspired with hope. He had made up his mind to get home and if any man on earth could, he could. He was a giant in size and a perfect athlete.

The drenching rain was falling in a cloudburst and the sea was in a tumult. He had been straining every muscle in his body for an hour and now fatigue stole steadily over him. Again he braced up and thought of the poem, "As some Strong Swimmer," and he fought against those waves that were rolling as high as small hills. The very moment that he was on the crest of one of these waves the lightning flashed and he looked around to see if he could see the lights from shore. "Nothing," said he,

as he went down in a great hollow between the waves.

Despair began to fill his heart as he realized that he was weakening and was far from home. For a moment he forgot the sea and thought of the playing children that would await his coming and the wife that waited and listened at the pier to hear his voice. He did not stay in that frame of mind long, for just as he reached the crest of a large wave, it broke, filling and sinking the boat. The force of the breaking wave bore him under and when he came to the surface he was almost tired enough to give up, as he had been out of breath and in that predicament it was difficult for him to hold his breath. "I've got to get these clothes off," said he, "or I'll not last long in this sea." Then began a task that few men could do; pull off high top boots, oil coat and the other clothes that are worn while fishing. There are few men that could swim in such a sea as this, but this man could, and he could do it well. He seemed to be inspired with the strength of the Greeks as in the days of old. He swam on and on. There was no give up to him it seemed. The storm had ceased, but the water was as rough as ever. Now the stars were out and if it had not been for the terrible din from the angered waves, there could not have been a more ideal night. He thought of this as he turned over on his back to rest. Hours went by and a death-like chill began to take hold of him. He was almost ready to give up and go down when he bumped his head against something solid. He had been swimming for so long a time that he had almost lost his senses. He reached out, found a piece of drift-wood and placing it under his chin, by kicking his feet a little he managed to keep up.

Another hour passed and it seemed to him a week. Then suddenly he awoke to feel sand under his feet. Then it was gone and in back of him he saw a line of breakers, and in front of him were more break-

ers, so he knew he had crossed a sand-bar, and that he was near land. In a few more minutes his feet again struck solid bottom, but this time it was rock. In front of him he saw a high cliff and he was seized by the terror that seizes sailors as they see their comrades dashed to pieces on the rocks and they know that the same fate is theirs. He felt himself lifted by a breaker. Then he was rolled up on a tiny bit of beach between two rocks.

When he awoke it was daylight and he wondered where he was. He had not eaten since the morning before, and he was also very thirsty from being in salt water so long. In getting up he found it was a very difficult task. He had been in water that was cold for at least four hours and then slept all the rest of the night and into the next day, how long he did not know, but the sun was up far enough to warm him a little and with increasing heat he grew thirstier.

"I must have gone a long ways," he thought, when a thrill went through him. A little ahead he saw a large white rock off shore which he knew as well as he knew the boat he had lost the previous night.

This rock was the landmark for the sailors. Just a mile farther down on was a life-saving station where there men that he knew, so he made all possible speed for the spot that seemed to him a paradise. He reached it in safety and was treated finely by the crew.

"By gosh! They had given you up for lost, Jim, over in the village. Said your boat was found down shore and that you were a gonner," said an old salt as he surveyed Jim's sunken countenance.

His safety was made known in short order and there was never a happier family than Jim's on that night when they gathered around the fire that he had thought about the night before when he was out on the rolling deep.

H. C. STRATTON

A MILE HIGH



WITH a final derisive toot the train disappeared and we were left standing, in the blazing heat of a July noon at Redlands on the station platform, waiting for the stage which was to take us to the far

blue mountains where we fondly hoped to find coolness. They looked so tempting, but alas! Between us and them, we were soon to learn, was a great gulf fixed.

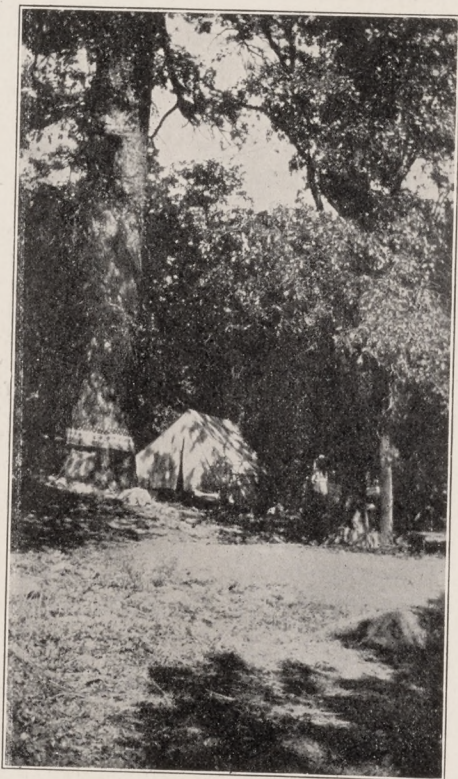
About one o'clock the stage, scheduled to leave at twelve, arrived. It was only a mountain wagon, seating comfortably seven beside the driver, and we numbered ten to say nothing of suit cases and camp provisions! That meant three on every seat but one. By tacit consent we tendered the favored seat to the Fat Gentleman and the Elderly Lady, from motives of necessity and mercy respectively. The "Cowboy Girl" as we named her, had already got to the driver's seat and the rest of us disposed ourselves as best we could and the stage started. Did I say that vehicle seated comfortably seven? I retract my words; it could not have seated comfortably one.

Once out of the town, the horses, discouraged at the start by so large a load, dropped all pretence at even moderate speed, and plowed doggedly through the thick dust which rose around us in smothering clouds. The air was dead; the sun beat down relent-

lessly; only the Cowboy Girl and the Father of a Family had energy enough to talk. Their topic of conversation was mainly the number and horror of the deaths from rattlesnake bites which they had heard of, in the mountains to which we were going. We were too limp at the time even to be alarmed, but with most of us the tales were to bear fruit at a later time.

At last the driver pointed ahead with his whip to where something gleamed white in the distance. "The Intake," he remarked laconically. A gleam of interest came into ten dust-begrimed faces, for the Intake was the point where we entered the canon. Here the wild mountain stream was harnessed and made to do service for the busy town below, and here we might reasonably expect some relief from the heat. Nor were we disappointed; as evening fell and we climbed higher and higher I began to think affectionately of my coat which I had faith to believe was somewhere on the floor of the wagon. As I could not have put it on even though I had known its exact location, without dislodging my two seat-mates, I concluded to stand the cold as I had previously stood the heat.

After what seemed an endless time the tired horses climbed the last steep pitch, the blaze of the camp fire greeted us cheerily, and a chorus of welcoming voices arose from the group gathered about it. It was too dark to see much of the camp and indeed we were not in a mood to appreciate it.





We were provided with one of the primitive lanterns which everyone was obliged to have and the Boy escorted us to our tent. As we made our way over what seemed, in the darkness, to our wearied senses, a jumble of rocks and a tangle of underbrush, I said to our little guide, "Are there any rattlesnakes around here?" "Plenty," he responded cheerfully, "but they don't often come right into camp."

"Often"—the word had an ominous sound. They did sometimes, then, it appeared. Something rustled in the dried leaves nearby and I stopped apprehensively. "Only a lizard!" snorted the Boy contemptuously. I continued my scramble to the tent, firmly determined that the day on which I saw my first rattlesnake should be my last at Forest Home.

We awakened in the morning to the sound of howling wind and pouring rain, and our tent soon showed signs of being somewhat less than waterproof. By noon we were using every utensil we could lay our hands

on to catch the drops, and were having a regular symphony concert all to ourselves. There were the deep, soft notes from the water-pitcher standing on the trunk, the shrill, sharp clink from the tin wash-basin occupying the middle of the bed, and the spiteful spit-pat from the soap-dish in the middle of the floor. My friend, who still felt the altitude, lay on the bed (with due regards for the wash-basin) an open umbrella on her head and an old shawl over her feet. Such things as could not be put into the trunk I had stowed away under the bed for protection. Suddenly I noticed a rivulet trickling over the floor from the back to the front of the tent. I watched it with gloomy foreboding. The bed was directly in its path, and when that was reached I well knew that the various articles underneath would have to be moved somewhere and covered with something—but where and what was the question. Fortunately it was a question I had not to solve. The Boy



stood at the tent door and regarded our decorations with a pitying smile.

"Mother says you had better come down to the cottage till this rain is over!" he remarked, and we accepted.

But the rain did not last forever, and once again we proved the proverb true that a bad beginning makes a good ending, for the days that followed were full of pleasure. We took many trips, long and short, from the all-day ride and tramp to Majella Falls, to the evening walk "down the Flume" where we had wonderful views of the country through which we had journeyed with such discomfort on our way to camp, transfigured now in the sunset light.

An incident of the trip to Majella Falls, at the head of the canon, is vivid in my mind yet. We were on the way home, jogging along in the silence of weariness and content, when my little mule slowed up (if, indeed, such an act were consistent with motion at all) and began nosing the ground. I thought he was trying to find something to eat, and, being benovolently inclined and unused to mules, I gave him a loose rein. Suddenly the foundations seemed to be giving way under me and before I knew it I

was in an ignominious heap on the ground. I had hardly time to gather myself together, hedge-hog fashion and flop to one side when the mule, kicking his little heels desirively, rolled over and over. Then he and I both rose to our feet and looked at each other, I stern, he meek. For the rest of the way home I promptly discouraged any attempt on his part to stop on sandy or grassy stretches.

As the end of our stay approached, I began to really regret the non-appearance of what was to have been my signal for departure. The nearest approach I had come to the sight of a rattlesnake had been in helping the Boy "salt" the skins of two he had killed. It was not from any lack of material. Stories were rife concerning them. A young girl had been killed at Majella Falls; a child had been bitten right in camp. Nearly everyone I knew had been in at the death of at least one rattler. But I seemed to bear a charmed sight, and in spite of one wild scramble through the "snakiest" spot of the canon, I was trundled back to Redlands early one morning without so much as having heard a rattle.

HELEN M. PERKINS



THE CLASS OF '09

(With apologies to Chaucer.)



HEN that in June the
class of naughty-nine,
Hath on the stage its
laste stunt y-done.

And hath the floor
y-crossed with tremb-
ling gait,

And hath got papers small and heades
grete,

And that the last speech hath been y-sayde,
And all the tears of grief hath been y-shed,
And "Passy" hath his farewell speech
y-made,

And told how his esteem would never fade,
For the marvelous class of naught-nine,
Who as stars of learning will ever shine,
Then this class so free from quarreling and
strife,

Was started forth on th' pilgrimage of life.
But ere we on this pilgrimage y-go
The looks and mein of each we will y-show.

THE SPRINTER

A noble sprinter of this class there was
And whan that he did run things did y-buzz.
His lockes were curled, not laid in a press,
And he was good-looking I do confess.
Of the basket-ball team, captain was he,
And of athletics kept the treasury.
And when he on the way G. G. would meet
She would call out forthwith "Hello Big
Feet."

Pres'dent of the student body was he,
He was y-cleped Banta, J. B.
Sometimes the boys called him Shorty,
Of course this good boy was never naughty.

THE TALL, FAIR MAIDEN.

And also there was with us on the way
A pretty girl y-cleped Anna May.
And this dear girl seemed destined by ill
Fate
Both noon and morning to be almost late.
Slender in form and tall was this sweet
maid,

And her eye'n were of a dark brown in
shade.

Secretary of the Council was she,
Oft down the hill for her book she must flee.
He complexion was fair as a lily,
And seldom, almost never, was she silly.
A girl with a very long name was she,
It was Anna May Canevascini.

GENE

And there was also with us her bosom
friend,

And she should love her till her life should
end.

This dear charming girl bore the name of
Gene.

It is said by some that she loved to "queen"
With all the new boys that came to the
school

Which is not, of course, against any rule.
And yet this lovely girl was not half bad.
It took quite a good deal to make her mad.
She loved much to giggle in History;
How she kept from trouble is a mystery.

THE BASKET-BALL GIRL

And, too, there was a girl y-clept Kitty,
Who was supposed by some to be witty.
She often made little poems and rhymes,
And these spasms were pretty good some-
times.

She was captain of the Basket-ball team,
Oh, how she and the other girls did scream
When perchance the telephone bell y-rang,
And how they hollered when they were
y-stang.

By many folks she was called "Kad,"
And seldom was Miss Kathleen ever sad.

THE LITTLE ONE.

A little girl there was y-clept Beanie,
And she was so very teeny-weeny
That scarcely could she be seen anywhere,
Especially when she sat in a chair.
She studied quite hard, or made believe so,
And some folks think that why she did not
grow.

A marshal with a ful grete power was she.

But, yet, forsooth, she could not hurt a flea.
To church she oft went, four nights in the
week,
That is what made her appearance so meek.
Chairman of Program Committee was she;
Never a harder position could be.

"LANK."

There was also one whom the boys called
"Lank,"
He looked like a bean stalk, tall and rank.
'Twas plain to be seen he had spring fever
For no great length of time could he leave
"Her."

By playing basket-ball he won a "P,"
He was well-appearing as all could see.
His socks were an ever-changing hue,
First he wore pink, then 'twas a green or
blue.
His complexion was as fair as any girl,
And his hair was lovely, it did y-curl.

"SKINNY."

Another there was, very tall and thin,
There seemed nothing to him but bone and
skin,
He writes poems and verses very well
Some people indeed think them to be swell.
To some he is known by the name of "Si,"
In Miss Watkin's heart he sits very high,
Since he likes Physics and knows how to do
Algebra and trigonometry, too.
He's a head like a tack, and is quite keen
With electrical instruments, Charles Green,
For 'tis the name of this wonderful boy,
Is the pride of teachers and mother's joy.

"MAC"

And there was another y-cleped Mac
Who any laziness did y-lack.
He was a friend of Charlie Green's in Trig,
And, too, for credits he cared not a fig.
But, indeed, he was not such a bad boy;
He did but a few things, friends to annoy.
No! Seth was a good boy and went to
church,
And ne'er would he leave a friend in the
lurch.
At turning of hen's eggs oft did he work,
And of other things, ne'er did he shirk.
And when on the track he did try to run,
He found to his joy that it was grete fun.
For a surname he was y-clept Mackay
And this is all I can think of to say.

"CUTENESS."

And too there was with us a maiden fair
And she wore rats within her hair,
Was it anything to me? Oh! No! No!
Her hands were white as newly drifted
snow.

This pretty girl was supposed to be "cute."
The reason for this I cannot impute.
Some people y-called this maiden "Big Feet"
But they do not become a girl as sweet
As this Miss Gladys Virginia Gould
Who in Petaluma High was y-schooled.

"BLACKSTONE."

A Sergeant of the Lawe wary and wys
Ther also was, who seemed destined to rise.
Nowher so bisy a man as he ther was,
And yet he seemed bisier than he was.
And when A. M. C. in English would speak,
The beauties of her neck then he would
seek.

Ralph could discourse on topics grete and
small,

Until he had convinced one and all.
President of this class was he
And he was proud of it, it seemed to me.
He was a judge, as can clearly be shown,
He was oftimes y-cleped Blackstone.

THE QUIET GIRL.

Also with us ther was Anna Burleigh.
She was most quiet and never surly.
Botany specimens she did collect,
She must have quite a lot now I expect,
Beautiful brown hair had this quiet maid.
She wore it up on her head in a braid.

THE NIGHTINGALE.

And another ther was called Isabel,
Who could play and sing solos very well.
Her hair was brown and from it stuck a rat,
To cover up this she wore a large hat.
She cared a great deal for a Junior maid,
And for Comie, too, 'tis by some y-said.
One of her favorite (?) studies was Latin.
She was quite thin and needed more fat on.
Also she had an exceeding large nose,
(This is getting personal I suppose.)
She was a deal little girl and all that,
She knew a few things and had them down
pat.

THE FRIENDLY ONE.

And ther was one of the family of Jones,
When studying Latin she gave many groans,
For she knew forsooth that Vergil was hard,
And that on her brain it quite often jarred.
In Physics this girl was quite studious
And after ex'es her face was dubious.
And moreover, she was very quiet
Quite as much so as any I have met.
She was kind to strangers, and very good.
That is, if you found her in the right mood.
And many a pupil blesses the day
That Veta Jones gave of friendship a ray.

THE GOOD BOY.

And again, ther with us was one named Joe,
Who sat in the front seat of the first row.
With Alice Dovey he liked to talk,
And with Alice, too, he loved to walk.
His Latin translations were amazing;
Was it a pony, or his mind a-blazing
With remarkable brilliance afar,
So that it fairly eclipsed a star.
He liked to give a History report,
And some say that Joe Glikbarg was quite a
sport.

THE SCIENTIST.

And with us, too, there was one Jessie Scott,
To whom small beatuy ever fell by lot.
But who was gifted with a certain way
Of getting into people's hearts to stay.
She came to school each day from Novato,
Rode upon the train as you must know.
To be late to History was a shame,
But then of course the child was not to
blame.

With Beanie Benson she did oft conflag,
And then, too, with Miss Daniel in the "Lab"
Her hair was yellow as the summer hay
And it stuck out from her head most every
way.

Now, this is the class of Nineteen-naught-
nine.

Oh! How all the other classes will pine
When we have gone from the old High
School Hill.

They'll not forget us; and we'll love it still
Where'er we roam in this old world of ours,
Through sorrow or through joy, sunshine or
showers.



THE FRUITLESS BATH OF JEALOUSY



VELYN is awfully pretty and she's mighty nice, too, but I don't care; I'm done with her." This is what Dan said when he returned from playing tennis with her. But he was not done with her; he couldn't be; she would not let him. When he tried to work his algebra he heard her counting the points in tennis, and X would never equal what it should. Evelyn was more trouble to him just now than were the algebra problems.

"Well you don't need to say anything about it to me; she just flirted with that Edward White the whole time after she and I quit playing and then when I suggested going home she just jumped up and was as happy as a lark. She didn't seem to mind ending our afternoon's companionship one bit and all the way home she was as pleasant to me as she could be. The time she had let me sit and look at my thumbs while she was talking to Edward, didn't bother her a continental. I don't care what you say about it. I am done with Evelyn Bame. But never mind, I'll make her feel good and cheap some of these days."

"Well Dan," said his chum, "if you are going to look at it that way, it is not in my power to help you, so good afternoon," and he tipped his hat and marched off the porch with the air of a physician who thought his patient beyond all hope of recovery.

Now as for Evelyn, she didn't know what was the matter with Dan, and she was just independent enough to think that if he was going to get angry at nothing she would not bother providing him with anything to get glad about. So she spoke to him in her same cheerful manner but when he didn't ask her to play tennis with him any more she accepted the third invitation from Edward White and played with him, not appearing to care whether Dan came to the tennis court any more or not.

Time rolled on, however, as it seems to enjoy doing, and it came time for active boating on the river. Commencement was

over but the hustle and bustle of graduating had not made Dan give up the idea of heaping his coals of fire on Evelyn's curly brown head, but there was a little voice whispering to him that he had been a jealous fop and that he had cause to be thoroughly ashamed of himself.

Evelyn was going for a ride on the river with Edward, but he missed the car that was to bring him from the metropolis and as the next one would make it too late for boating, Evelyn went by herself—even if she did know but little about rowing.

Dan also felt like rowing that night and he wanted to go alone because he felt kind of blue. But he had not rowed very far until he felt a good deal bluer, because a few hundred yards away he saw Evelyn, and the sight of her always made him blue.

She kept about the same distance ahead of him and never looked back, but was gazing intently on something on the shore. She was staring directly into a snag and Dan saw it. He did not try to draw her attention to the fact but began to row harder and harder. If she only wouldn't look ahead of her his chance had come. Her boat would tip over and he could save her from drowning. (after the way she had treated him!)

He was so taken up with the thought that he made his boat fairly skim over the water and when her little bark did overturn, he and plunge the pretty girl into the water he was in almost as soon as she. But picture his amazement when she struck off and swam—swam to the shore and stood once more on dry ground.

She had outdone him. She had not given him a chance to make her feel "cheap" (as he expressed it.)

"That was very kind of you," she managed to shudder through her teeth as Dan crawled up the bank just after her.

"I didn't mean it to be. But I wish I had," he added.

With a little more sincerity than had been in her first remark, Evelyn said, "If you will pilot me home before anyone sees me in this state, we will call it square."

ANNA MAY CANEVASCINI.

CHARLEY'S AUNT

CAST.

Mr. Stephen Spettigue, Solicitor, Oxford,
 Burns Walls
 Col. Sir Francis Chesney, late of the Indian Service,..... Charles Denman
 Jack Chesney, undergraduate, St. Olde College, Oxford,..... John Cavanaugh
 Charley Wykeham, undergraduate, St. Olde College,..... Joe Glikbarg
 Lord Fancourt Beverly, undergraduate St. Olde College,..... Ralph Comstock
 Brassett, College Scout,..... Clifford Allen
 Donna Lucia D'Alvadorez from Brazil,
 Lorene Myers
 Kitty Verдум, Spettigue's ward.....
 Gladys Gould
 Amy Spettigue, Spettigue's niece,.....
 Mamie Burleigh
 Ella Delahay, an orphan.. Anita Nattkemper



HE play is a rollicking farce comedy in three acts. The story, which is a mess of complicated situations, is something like this: Jack Chesney and Charley Wykeham are college

chums at Oxford who are in love with Kitty Verдум and Amy Spettigue respectively. Amy is the niece of old Spettigue, an Oxford solicitor, and Kitty is his ward in chancery. As this is Commemoration Week at Oxford, and Kitty and Amy are to leave on the following day for Scotland, this is the last chance the boys have to propose. Charley receives a telegram from his rich aunt, Donna Lucia D'Alvadorez, the widow of the late Don Pedro D'Alvadorez of Brazil, "where the nut comes from," telling of her arrival in England. Now Jack submits his first "idea," to invite Donna Lucia to luncheon and ask their "inamorates" to meet her. The next plan is to get someone to entertain Donna Lucia while the boys have their chat with Kitty and Amy. Lord Fancourt Babberly, or "Fanny Babs" as he is familiarly known among his Oxford friends, is persuaded by

Jack and Charley to join the luncheon party although he must first try on his dress for private theatricals in which he is to take the character of an old lady

Meanwhile the girls arrive, but finding Donna Lucia has not yet come, leave, promising to return later. Sir Francis Chesney, Jack's father, a pompous military man, appears upon the scene and is induced by his son to come to lunch and try to win this "Brazilian widow with millions." A telegram, stating that Donna Lucia cannot come, complicates matters, but Jack is ready with his "idea" again—and the boys coerce "Fanny Babs" into taking the place of Donna Lucia in his costume for private theatricals.

At the appointed hour the guests for the luncheon arrive. Kitty, Amy, Sir Francis, Jack, Charley and the false Donna Lucia sit down at the table, but are interrupted by the appearance of the fierce Spettigue, who is looking for the young ladies. Spettigue, however, is mollified on receiving an introduction to Donna Lucia of whom he has heard. Matters now become more and more complicated. "Babs," the false Donna Lucia is taking advantage of his feminine character to have some fun with the girls; Sir Francis and old Spettigue are seeking an opportunity to propose to the supposed rich widow from Brazil, and Charley and Jack are so busy in trying to straighten out matters and in venting their rage on "Babs," that they can find no opportunity to propose to Kitty and Amy. To cap the climax the real Donna Lucia appears on the scene, accompanied by her ward, Ella Delahay. She finds another Donna Lucia already here, but "sees it out" introducing herself as Mrs. Beverly Smith. "Babs" finds in Ella Delahay his "Monte Carlo charmer."

With this situation affairs reach a climax, but matters arrange themselves when the pseudo-Donna Lucia refuses Sir Francis, and Jack and Charley propose at last and are accepted on the condition that Spettigue give his written consent. This "Babs" obtains from Spettigue by promising to marry him. The real Donna Lucia, or Mrs. Beverly Smith, as she is known, finds in Sir Francis an old lover and he is easily consoled

for the loss of the supposed Donna Lucia. "Babs" drops his disguise and Spettigue is foiled; the real Donna Lucia announces herself and consents to the marriage of her ward, Ella Delahay, to Lord Fancourt Babberly—and they all live happily ever afterward.

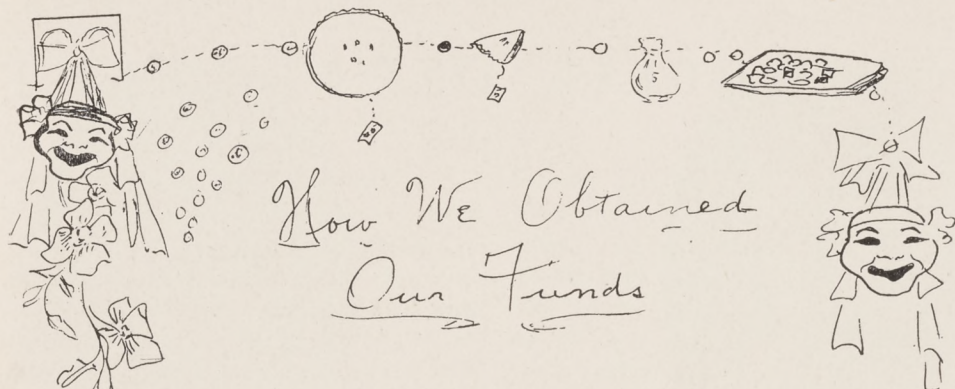
The many clever situations which abound in "Charley's Aunt," were made the most of by the cast. Jack and Charley seemed perfectly at home, and were, for the time being, "college gents, who came with a bang, went with a bang, and do everything but pay their bills with a bang," in the language of the long-suffering Brasset. "Babs" was most versatile; the college "sport" with his blase air, the aunt from Brazil with those unmanageable dresses; and the earnest suitor for the hand of Ella Delahay, all were portrayed with exceptional merit. We marvelled at the thunder (and the whiskers) of the villain, Spettigue and the dignified military

bearing of that "burnt brick," Sir Francis, and Brasset the model (?) man, who was so well-disguised that his best friends failed to recognize him. We delighted in the daintiness of Kitty and Amy, who tried so hard to help the boys out and not to see or hear the "asides", in the dignity and stateliness of Donna Lucia and the graceful, girlish Ella Delahay.

And not least of all we must speak of the audience, for they contribute much to make a play a success. It was surely most enthusiastic and appreciative. From the beginning until the final curtain, it was all applause or laughter or good-natured banter. And in conclusion, the cast is to be congratulated, not only on the clever presentation of the play, but on the way in which the many trials and difficulties that they encountered, were borne and overcome. There lies the victory.

MABEL C. SWEED.





WHEN school opened for the fall term the Senior class at once set out to earn the necessary funds for publishing the "Enterprise".

The class of '08 started the custom of getting out the paper without advertisements. This was a very bright thought on their part and the class of '09 at once decided that their paper would be put out without advertisements also.

Of course the main object of the ads. was to help pay for the printing of the paper and without that extra money it meant extra hustling for all those concerned. The first thing the Seniors had was a candy sale. In fact they had three or four of them before anything else was given and some easy money was picked up. As it is always the habit of the Athletic Association to give a play at the Opera House during the fall the Seniors did not think much about putting on a play until spring, but as the time flew on and the Association did nothing, they decided that they would give a farce at the Orpheum Theater, which is now the Star Nickelodeon.

With the kind assistance of Mr. James Dinwiddie the class of '09 presented the farce comedy "Ici on Parle Francais," a neat little sum being realized from this.

Rev. Newton Lynch offered to lecture for the Seniors during the fall and this was thought to be a good way to raise more money. Mr. Pasmore kindly told the class that he would operate his stereopticon in connection with the lecture. Mr. Lynch decided to talk on Switzerland and the Alps. The class sent to San Francisco and got about one hundred slides for the machine. The lecture proved to be a great success and an-

other little "wad" was added to our bank account.

The Seniors held another candy sale on the last day of the fall term and all their candy was sold out. With the close of the term '09 had a fair-sized bank account and a bright future to look to.

When school opened for the spring term the Seniors and the Athletic Association agreed to put on a play together at the Hill Opera House. "Charley's Aunt" was chosen, the cast picked and rehearsals were soon begun. After a good deal of hard work and the greatly appreciated efforts of Mr. Dinwiddie the play was staged at the Opera House and it was a success in every way. This added a goodly sum to our bank roll.

Mr. Singer kindly offered to lecture on "Spartus and Cicero" for the class. A literary program was also arranged in connection with the lecture and a very enjoyable and helpful evening was spent in the assembly hall of the high school. A fair sum was cleared but it could have been much better.

As the close of the term drew near the class still lacked a little money and they put their heads together to think of some plan for raising more money. Through Mr. Dinwiddie we learned of the famous Pasmore trio and soon made arrangements with them to give a concert in Petaluma on June first. The house was packed to its utmost capacity and it is very seldom that one hears such splendid music as was given that evening. This ended the Seniors' financial troubles and everything was bright and all were happy.

In closing, we, the Seniors of the Petaluma High School wish to thank from the bottom of our hearts every one who in any way assisted us in publishing the Enterprise.

COMMERCIAL DEPARTMENT



THE Commercial Class of '09 consists of girls, only one boy having graduated from the department within the past five years. It has been the aim of the

class to do their best and we do not think we have entirely failed to accomplish it. The department this year is larger than it has ever been before. The enrollment of the arithmetic class at the beginning of the fall term was forty-nine. When the graduates of the grammar schools came in at Christmas the number was increased to seventy-five. As the seating capacity of the Commercial Room is but fifty, benches and chairs had to be brought in from other rooms.

The class this year put out a second edition of the "Type Writer Tappings" by the use of the typewriters and mimeograph. The class of 1908 started this publication which is a souvenir of the Department and is to be had only by those who make it. The class of 1909 has tried to make this one a larger and better book and has added more pages of literary matter and several new designs for borders and full-page display work. This book is not intended to show what the students can do in the way of writing original composition work but is to show what can be done on the machines and to furnish a souvenir to each pupil of the class of the work done while in the Department.

An exhibit of typewriting and mimeograph work was sent to the last fair held at Sacramento and as a result the department took first prize "For the Best Commercial High School Exhibit." The department received a diploma for this exhibit which has been framed and placed in the Commercial Room.

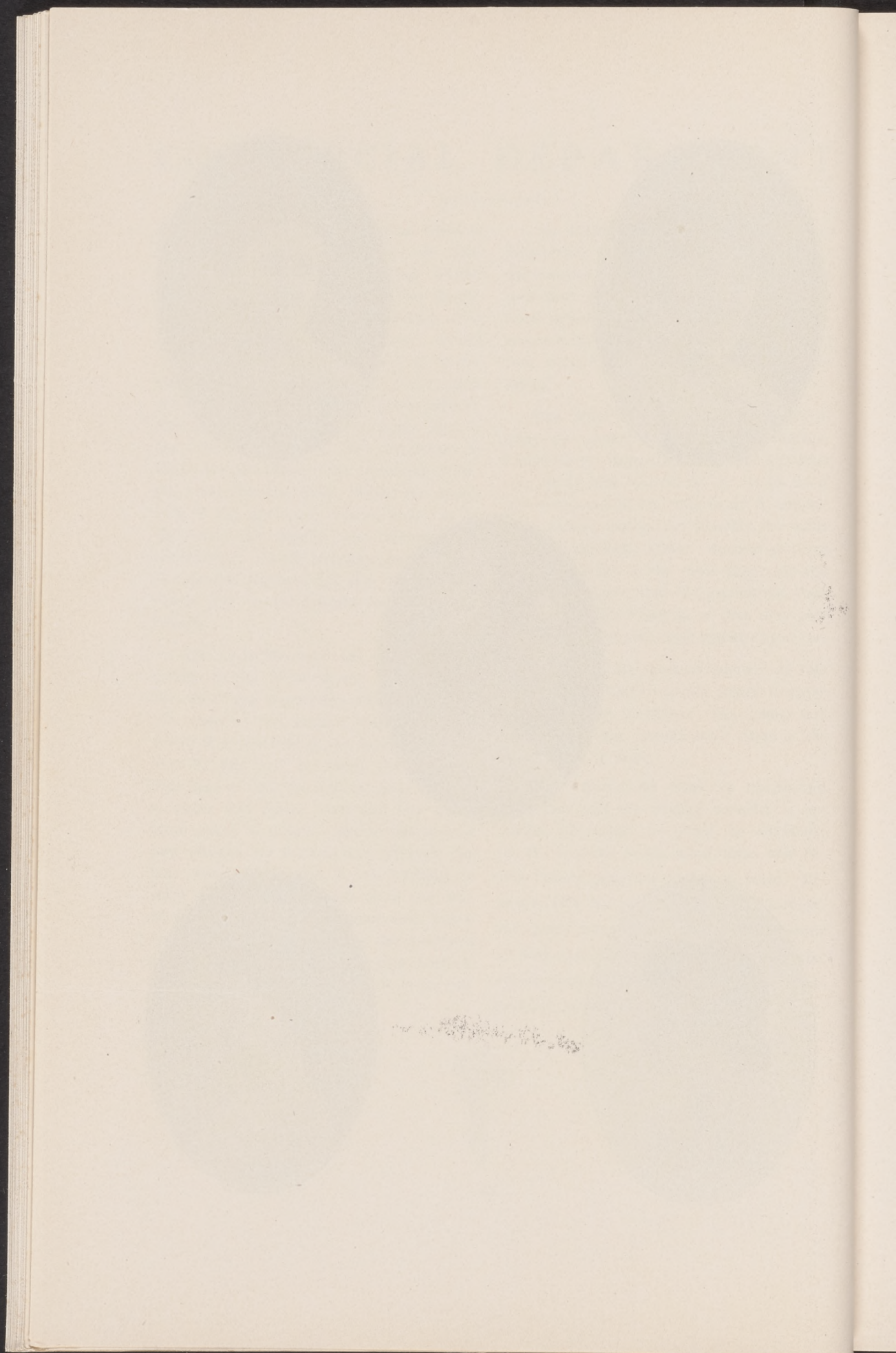
The class of '09 has been asked to make an exhibit of work at the Alaska-Yukon-Pacific Exposition this year and it is very likely that we will do so. If we do it will be the aim of the class to try to add another framed diploma to beautify the walls of the Commercial Room. Several pictures have been hung in the room this year and we would suggest that the graduating class should leave their photos so that they may be arranged, framed, and placed there too.

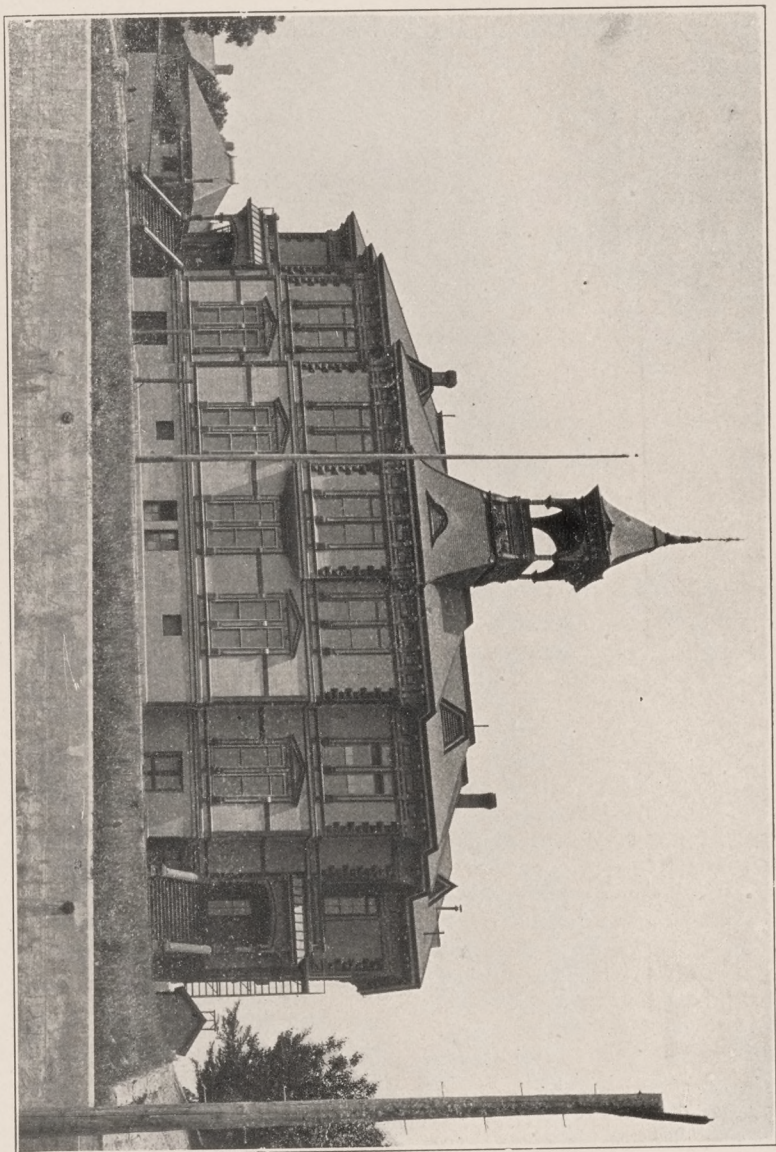
The every day work of typewriting this year has been done on both Smith Premier and Remington machines. The school has no new ones but expects some when a few more refuse to work.

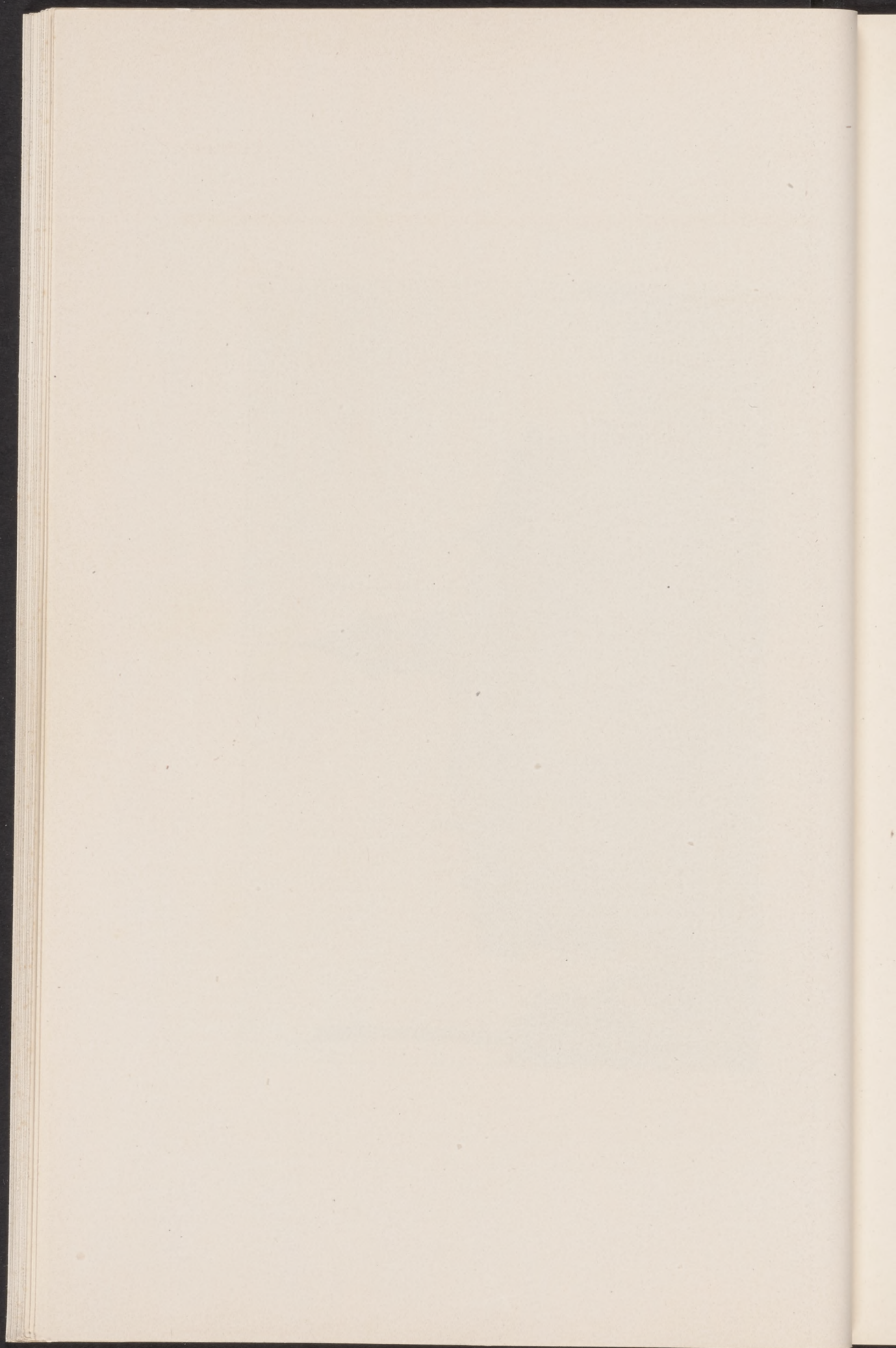
The Commercial class is increasing each year and the seating capacity is becoming too small. It would be advisable for the trustees to get more desks now before lumber goes any higher in price. Together with this point of fitting up the room, the pupils want to add their trial balances or long columns of figures and surely the school could get one for they only cost three hundred dollars each.



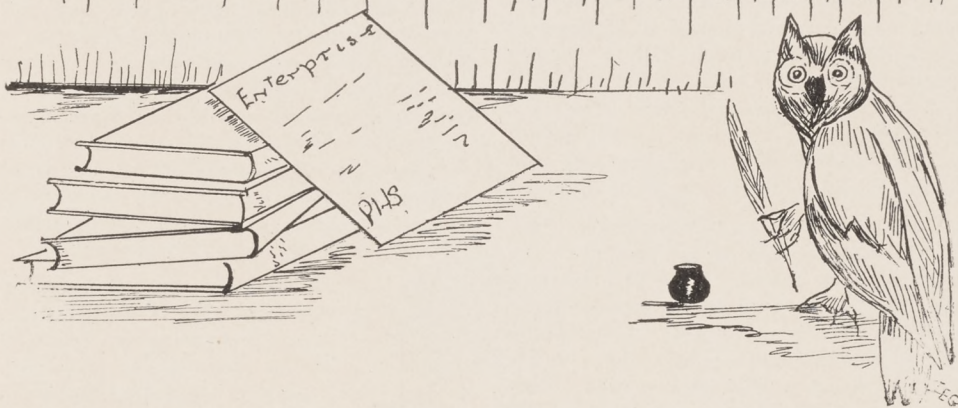








EDITORIALS



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 Alumni, Joseph Glikbarg, Veta Jones
 Athletics, D. Burns Walls, Florence Pometta
 Exchanges, ...Seth MacKay, Anna Burleigh
 Class Historian,Anna May Canevascini
 Class Prophet,Kitty R. Connolly



THE standard of athletics in the P. H. S. is rising, and in fact, has taken quite a jump this year. Fifth place in the S. M. A. A. L. Field Day is an improvement on last

year's record and when we have a good track it will rise still higher. There is much good material in the school and quite a number have come out to train regularly this Spring. In Girl's Basket Ball, P. H. S. keeps up her high work with 6 games won out of 10 games played. The team has practised steadily and has given us some fine games. The Boy's Basket Ball team has doubtless caused much surprise among the neighbor-

ing schools. The coach, who was brought from the city, occasionally, has done wonders, which, combined with hard practice has made a team that is hard to beat.

There are several things besides the increasing interest in athletics, which will tend to arouse more school spirit. One of these is the Friday afternoon program. A program committee formed of six members of the Freshman and Junior classes and another from the Sophomore and Senior Classes prepare half-hour literary exercises for alternate Friday afternoons. If these committees entirely changed, say once a month, giving more students an opportunity to assist and at the same time making the work for a short enough period so that they will not come to dislike it, it will be a great help.

In the last few years the number of pupils has been increasing by leaps and bounds.

With the coming of the Xmas Freshmen, quite a number had to sit two in a seat. When one considers that fifty or sixty enter in the Freshman class each year and only twenty one or two graduate, it becomes at once evident that a room with a seating capacity of about one hundred and sixty will not hold them all much longer. When the time comes let us hope that we will have a fine new building with a lawn and one that will be something for the city to be proud of.

At the beginning of this semester there was an addition made to the faculty in the person of Miss Sweed. With this arrangement it will be possible to graduate the Christmas Freshman class at Christmas instead of making them take a three and a half or four and a half year course. Next Fall there will be another new teacher who will take charge of the Manual Training in the Grammar School, and Freehand and Mechanical Drawing in the High School. These two subjects have been hoped for for a long time, and now that we are to have them, it is probable that a two year course in Spanish will be put in next year.

There's a word of advice to future Seniors; have a few spreads and picnics during the year, especially in the early part of it. If you wait till the closing weeks, you will have little time to do it and not feel like it anyway, which will spoil the fun. Things like this get the class and faculty together as they know each other better and become better friends. Memories of these little doings will keep the class from falling apart after graduation and will help along the idea of having a reunion each year, which brings us back to the old story of "Alumni."

Many schools have an Alumni organization which gives some kind of an entertainment every year. Something of this kind arouses the interest of the town. In a town like Petaluma anything that does not make a big noise is not likely to be noticed, and if not noticed it is liable to miss a great many of the good things which it might easily possess. The P. H. S. Alumni are many and if they would follow the example of one or two of the classes which have graduated, and get together just after Commencement each year, it would help make a large part of the noise necessary.

THE DOWNFALL OF MISS DANIEL.

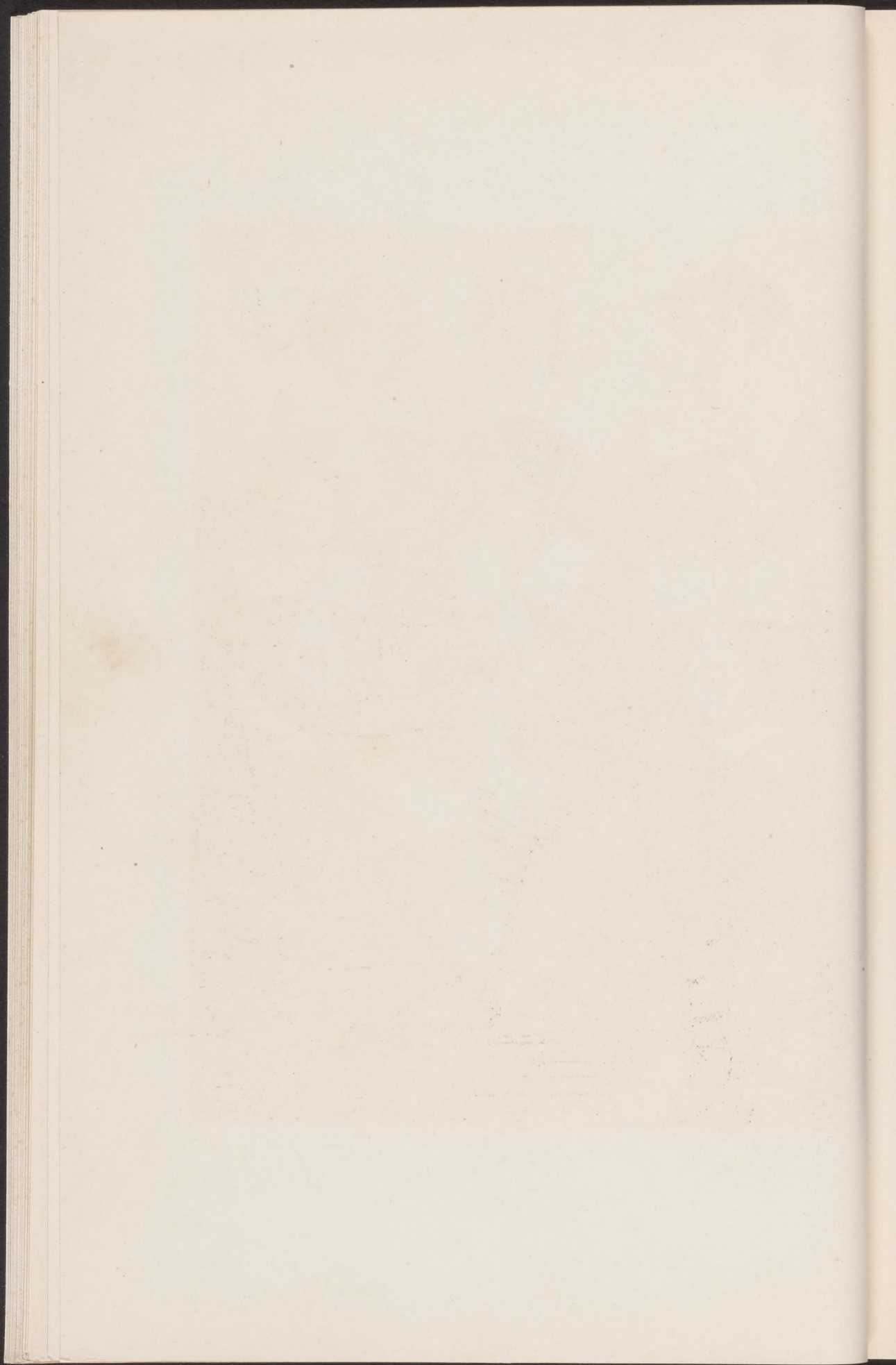
The Sophomores gave a party
Unto the Freshmen small,
The Freshmen came in evening dress,
As though 'twere to a ball.
Miss Perkins and Miss Watkins,
Miss Daniel and Miss Sweed,
They all came to the party
The Freshmen games to lead.
Miss Daniel soon got tired
Of enjoying childish fun,

So came upon the dance floor
With Harry Huntington.
Oh, Harry was a dancer
Of wonderful renown,
But before the dance was ended
The couple they went down!!
Down where? Does someone question?
Oh! Miss Daniel's party dress!
Did I mean to the punch table?
If I do, I miss my guess.

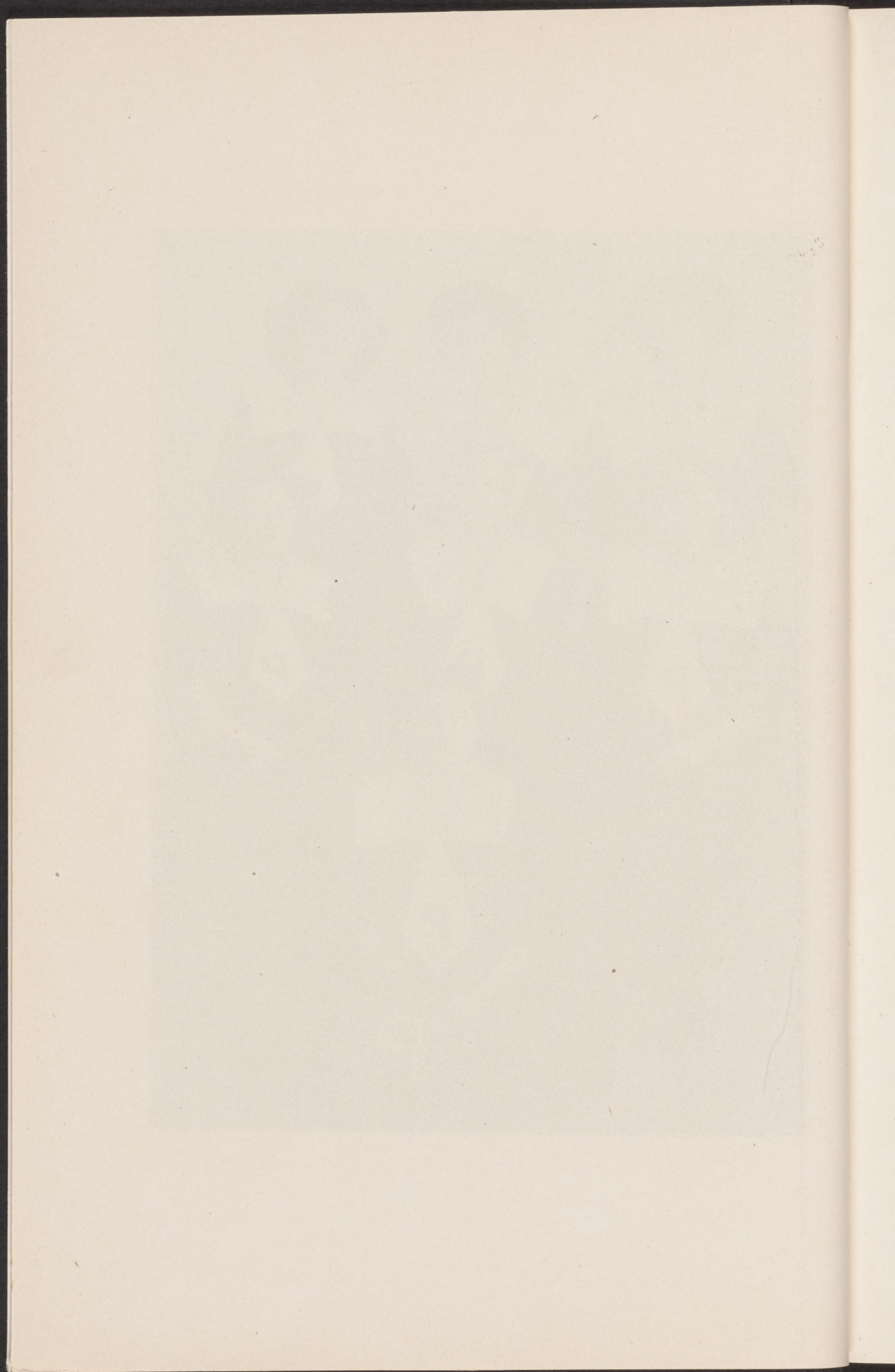


Athletics.









BOYS' BASKET BALL



BOYS' BASKET BALL has taken its place to stay in the athletic ranks of P. H. S. A good hall to practice in and also to play match games in was had at all times during the season. This accounts partly for the success which has come to the team this year, for in years past it has been very difficult to secure a place in which to practice, and if it can be secured next season, the victories will flock to P. H. S.

A good deal of praise is due to Mr. Tyler of the Olympic Club who coached the boys and instilled the Basket Ball fever into their minds.

New uniforms were procured by the boys in the middle of the season and they are very neat.

To Captain Banta belongs a large amount of praise for developing such an excellent team. He is a very consistent player, being in the game from start to finish. He is a sure shot when it comes to throwing goals and has the reach over most other centers.

Cavanagh and Poehlman also play their positions extremely well, and when Cavanagh's war song "get that ball" goes echoing thru the hall it causes everybody to sit up and take notice. Evans, who came to school at Christmas to take a P. G. course was a very welcome addition to the team. His agility and sure shots make him a general favorite. Few opposing forwards can get the ball past Denman, Adams or Cannon, as they are there when it comes to keeping down their opponents' score.

The team work developed by the players is a marvel to behold, for when boys basket ball was first introduced into P. H. S. it was "everybody for himself," and the results show that team work is everything.

An election of Captain was held by the members of the team a short time ago, and Bob Adams was chosen to guide the boys to victory next year. We all wish him the greatest possible success.

Line up before Christmas vacation:
Forwards—Cavanagh, Poehlman.
Center—Banta (Capt.)

Guards—Denman, Adams; Cannon, (sub.)
Line up after Christmas.
Forwards—J. Cavanagh, Evans.
Center—Banta, (Capt.)
Guards—Adams, Poehlman; Denman, sub.

In Sonoma

Sonoma H. S.—21.....P. H. S.—20

In Petaluma

Healdsburg H. S.—20.....P. H. S.—14

In Petaluma

Santa Rosa, B. C.—8.....P. H. S.—27

In Healdsburg

Healdsburg H. S.—6.....P. H. S.—17

In Petaluma

Polytechnic H. S.—12.....P. H. S.—18

In Petaluma

Sacred Heart College—11.....P. H. S.—23

In Petaluma

DuBoce A. C.—13.....P. H. S.—25

In Santa Rosa

Santa Rosa B. C.—13.....P. H. S.—25

In Santa Rosa

Santa Rosa H. S.—21.....P. H. S.—16

BASEBALL

The Baseball Team, which had very little practice, was organized soon after the end of the Basket Ball season, and was sent against San Rafael High, which had played several games. The result was a victory for San Rafael with a score of 5 to 2. Even though this was a defeat for the Petaluma boys, they gathered courage and challenged Sacred Heart of San Francisco. For the first four innings the visitors did not have a chance but after that they rapped the ball freely, which netted them 7 runs to 1, for P. H. S. After this game Baseball was dropped for a while, but more games will be played later on.

This is the first year that regular games have been played in P. H. S. since '06. With a fair amount of practice a very good team could be gotten up, as there is some excellent material available. The weakest point in the team is the batting. If some system

of batting could be arranged and perfected the P. H. S. Baseball Team could go up against some of the best teams around the bay.

A catcher has been a sorely needed article before this year, but there is no excuse any longer, for Dorrah holds down that position very well. Banta retains his position at first and fills it ably. Second is played by the small but active Cannon. while short and third are well filled by Evans and Cavanagh. The outfield is fully protected by Glikbarg, Adams and Brunson.

TRACK

Active training was commenced soon after school began last August. An inter-class field day was instituted in which two medals, a silver and bronze one, were contested for. Oliver Banta succeeded in taking firstplace by a margin of $1\frac{1}{2}$ points with Walls second. The S. M. A. A. L. Field Day was the next event of importance. A team of ten men was entered and sent to Ukiah on the 24th of October. Walls for Petaluma took second place in the shot put and tied for second in the pole vault, thus securing 5 points for P. H. S.

Training was then dropped until the spring term when it was commenced with vigor, there being quite a showing in the first few days' training. Then fewer and fewer appeared until at last the School Board began to erect two buildings over the track. This shut down training altogether. Two pits were dug on the school grounds, where a little jumping was done.

The S. M. A. A. L. Meet was held on the 17th of April, and a team of seven men entered.

Banta took third place in the 100 yd dash and Walls annexed three points in the pole vault. This brought P. H. S. fourth place in the meet with four points.

There is no reason why a good track team could not be developed in the P. H. S. for there is some very good material available.

GIRLS' BASKETBALL

Girls' Basket Ball in the Petaluma High School has been very successful this year, as six games out of ten were won. There is a good chance for the championship next year, considering that but two of the players will be gone, but in these two, Irene Haran and K. Connolly, the team loses its two best players.

Ukiah afforded the best entertainment of the season. Cloverdale gave a dance after the game and an all around good time was enjoyed. Santa Rosa gave a dance on the occasions of both games. An electric car was chartered for the second game, which was a double header, both the girls' team and the boys' team going.

The League game with Santa Rosa was the most exciting of the season and in fact the finest ever played.

In Healdsburg the team was given a dance, but owing to the fact that they were requested not to lie upon the floor, they supposed it to be rather unsubstantial and so most of them refrained from dancing on it.

The following is the line up for the season:

Guards—Lillian Keller, Ethel Camon.

Centers—Helen Soldate, Mary Connolly.
Louise Fillippini.

Goalers—Irene Haran, Kitty Connolly,
(Capt.) Lorene Meyers, Manager.

1. Oct. 16, '08, in Petaluma.
Santa Rosa, 20; Petaluma, 16.
2. Nov. 6, '08, in Ukiah.
Ukiah, 9; Petaluma, 18.
3. Nov. 14, '08, in Cloverdale.
Cloverdale, 10; Petaluma, 18.
4. Nov. 21, in Petaluma.
Lowell 23; Petaluma, 13.
5. Nov. 27, in Santa Rosa.
Santa Rosa, 11; Petaluma, 15.
6. Jan. 21, '09, in Petaluma.
Cogswell 15; Petaluma, 27.
7. Feb. 7, '09, in Petaluma.
Santa Rosa, 7; Petaluma, 8.
8. Mar. 6, '09, in Petaluma.
Berkeley, 10; Petaluma, 14.
9. Mar. 13, '09, in Healdsburg.
Healdsburg, 24; Petaluma, 9.
10. Mar. 20, '09, in Santa Rosa (League)
Santa Rosa, 17; Petaluma, 18.



School Notes



HE reception given by the class of '09 to the graduating class of '08 was a very enjoyable function. The black and gold paper decorations touched with

greens here and there made a charming appearance. The evening was spent in dancing, there being about two hundred present.

With this new term came Mr. Irvin Passmore who took Mr. James Newell's position as principal, Mr. Newell having resigned to finish his thesis at the University of California. Mr. Passmore comes highly recommended from Antioch. He is a graduate of two state normals, and of Stanford University.

Miss Perkin's place until her return in January was filled by Mrs. J. L. Dinwiddie. On account of the large freshman classes which have come in Miss Mabel Sweed has become one of our teachers.

The class elections resulted as follows:

Seniors—President, Ralph Comstock, Vice-President, Charles Green; Secretary and Treasurer, Gladys Gould; Sergeant-at-Arms, Burns Walls.

Athletic Representative—Joe Glikbarg.

Juniors—President, Arthur Purvine; Vice-President, Lorene Myers; Secretary and Treasurer, Shirley Bock; Sergeant-at-Arms, Harry Huntington.

Athletic Representative—Jack Cavanagh.

Sophomores—President, Ansel Hardin; Vice-President, Ethel Cannon; Secretary and Treasurer, Will Loftus.

Athletic Representative—Harry Brown.

Freshmen—President, Albert Berger; Vice-President, Loretta Sartori; Secretary and Treasurer, Ruth Oellig; Sergeant-at-Arms, Millard Brunsen.

Athletic Representative—Robert Murphy.

The Freshman reception took place on January 29th in Redmen's Hall. The hall was nicely decorated and the affair was very pleasant. Dancing was the feature of the evening.

On October 22nd the Senior class gave a farce entitled, "Ici on Parle Francais" in the Orpheum. This was a success both socially and financially. After one of the rehearsals for the farce the Seniors enjoyed a splendid spread.

A very interesting and instructive stereoptican lecture was delivered by Mr. R. N. Lynch in the assembly hall for the benefit of the "Enterprise." A neat sum was raised.

Mr. Singer gave a splendid lecture on Cierco and Sparticus, also for the "Enterprise" which brought a good return.



Laugh!

EDITOR'S NOTE.

We made a small box,
And painted it red,
With a hole in the top
Through which joshes were fed.
So here are the best,
As picked out by us.
Where are the others?
Oh! they were much "wus."

—THE EDITORS.

It is reported that Diogenes entered a local drug store one day, with his lantern in his hand. "Have you anything that will kill fleas?" he asked in a weary tone. "No, I haven't," the druggist answered. "Give me your hand," he cried, "I have found one honest man."

"Where are you going, my pretty maid?"
"To Petaluma High School, sir," she said.
"And what do you get there, my pretty maid?"
"Spring fever, perhaps, kind sir," she said.

Mrs. D.—"Joe, tell us what you know about Carlyle."

Joe, (after a moment's thought,)—"I believe he wrote 'Silence is Golden.' "

SENIORS, BEWARE!

Rock-a-bye Seniors, on the tree top,
As long as you study, your cradle will rock;
But if you should stop digging, your cradle
will fall,
And down will come seniors, diplomas and
all. —Ex.

WHY, JACK!

Craig A.—"If this fountain pen of mine could talk, it could tell some new points in making love."

Jack C.—"Yes, I have borrowed it several times myself, er-er-it's a nice pen, isn't it?"

BEANIE! BEANIE!

Mr. Passmore (in History IV.)—"What can a member of the Legislature be arrested for?"

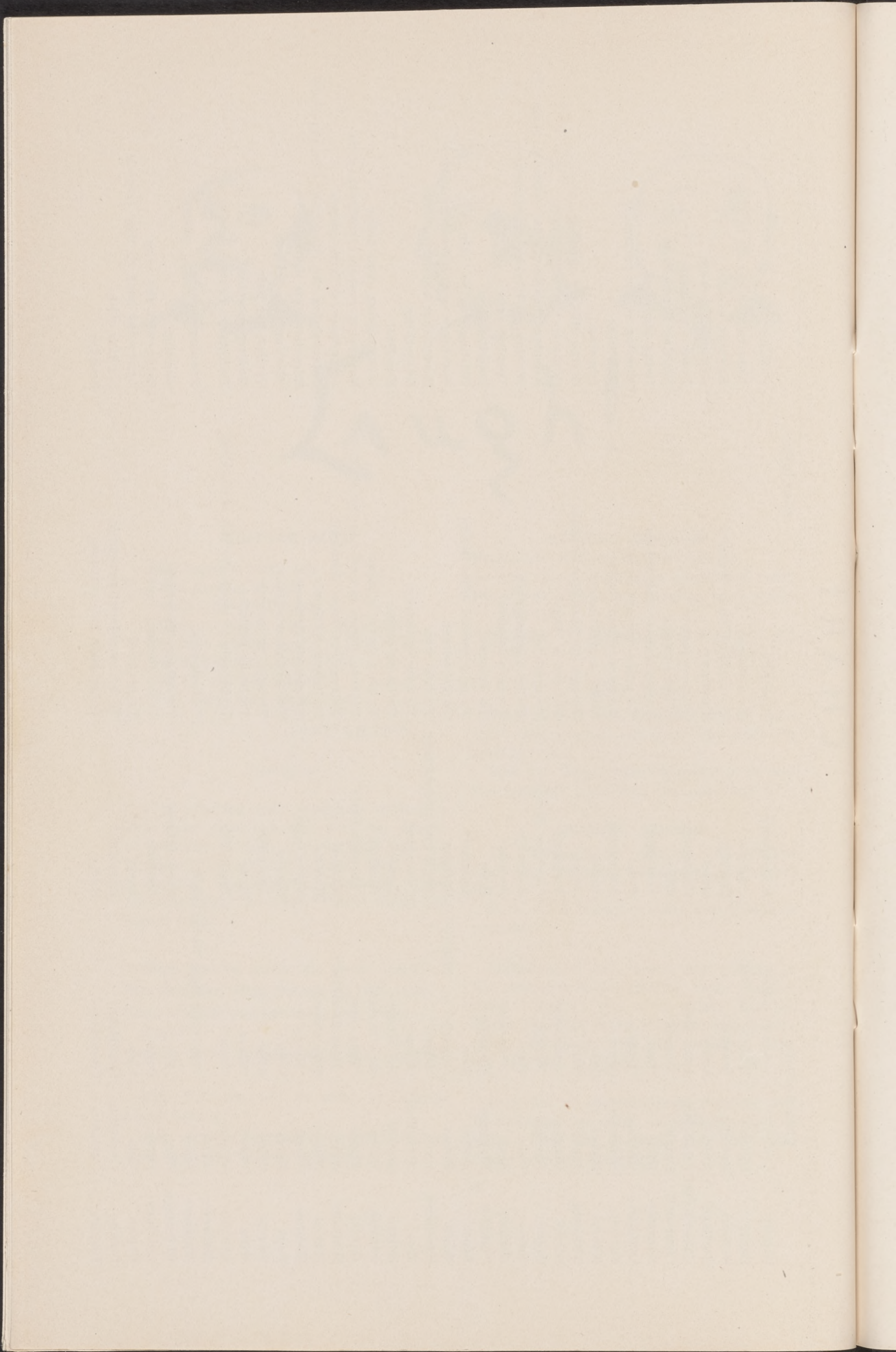
R. B.—"For felony,, treason and breach of promise."

Bobbie, aged five, saw a cow grazing in his mother's flower garden, and shouted, "Scat! Scat!" The cow calmly ate on. Three year old Mary, dancing with excitement, exclaimed, "Tell him to 'scow', Wobbie, tell him to 'scow.' " —Ex.

Very few of the Christmas Freshies find it necessary to carry umbrellas when it rains. They are so small that they can dodge between the drops."

CHART

Classification			Description		
Family	Genus	Common Name	Appearance	Ambition	Pastime
Banta	Oliver	"Shorty" or "Cap "	Innocent	To possess a "Pearl"	Entertaining the B. B. girls
Benson	Rowena	"Beanie"	Gigantic	To succeed Miss Watkins	Rushing around
Burliegh	Anna	Annie	Quiet	Unknown	Gathering flowers
Canevascini	Anna May	Anna May	Charming	To be a lawyer	Doing shorthand
Comstock	Ralph	"Comus"	Wise	To run things	Visiting Santa Rosa
Ccnolly	Kitty	"Kad"	"Cunning"	To get Basket Ball games	Being noisy
Denman	Charles	"Lank"	Short	To make one out of two	Meeting at the corner
Farrell	Genevieve	Gene	Coquettish	To be a school teacher	Queening
Gilbert	Isabel	Izzie	Stately	To be a nightingale	Drawing
Glikbarg	Jcseph	Glik	Dovey	To get the best of a bargain	Giving History reports
Gould	Gladys	"Cuteness"	Stunning	To own a "Den"	Going to the Nickelodeon
Green	Charles	"Skinny"	Likewise skinny	To grow fat	Keeping the Enetrprise room in order (?)
Jones	Veta	"Two-bits"	Womanly	To be a missionary	Writing up Physics experiments
Mackay	Seth	Florence	Peculiar	To be a minister	Turning eggs
Pomettia	Florence	Jess	Prim	To be neat	Looking nice
Scott	Jessie	"Deacon" or "Squire"	Scholarly	To be a second Miss Daniel	Waiting for the train
Walls	Burns	"Passy"	Curious	To be solemn	Visiting a certain country school
Passmore	Irvin	"Bingo"	Small and unassuming	To rule well	Reclaiming wandering balls
Way	Alva Bing	Mr. Singer	Concerned	To have authority	Everything
Singer	Martin	Miss Perkins	Rustic	To be an orator	Handball
Perkins	Helen	"Miss Lion"	"Bashful"	To be a model woman	Investigating mud holes
Daniel	Emma	"Miss Swatkins"	Stunted	To keep things in order in the study hall	Reproving certain Freshmen girls
Watkins	Alice	Miss Sweed	Nervy, also	To see U. C. beat Stanford	Attendance at B. B. games
Sweed	Mabel	"Nervy"	Recent	To excell in tennis	Entertaining the third year German class
Skinner	Virgil	Peck	Sporty	To get his Deutsch	Exercising his little dog
Peck	Percy	Alice	Adorable	To become a runner	"Getting" his lessons
Dovey	Alice	"Giant"	Huge	To look, oh, so cute	Curling her hair
Mills	Percy	"Pabe"	Magnified	To be an athlete.	Making speeches
Benson	Velma	"The Gold Dust Twins"	Red	To be able to reach the top of the desk	Talking to Percy
Mathews	Anna	"Fat"	Good natured	To look nice	Keeping together
Mathews	Mary	Ollie	Striking	To reduce his weight	Gunning
Robertson	Evan	Lois	Sassy	To be thought "cute"	Being with the boys
Childers	Olive	Geraldine	Important	To be good	Answering back to Miss Daniels
Brown	Lois	"Sunshine"	Rusty	To be considered somebody	Looking wise
Boothe	Geraldine			To be base ball manager	Smiling
Dorroh	Varleton				



OH! THESE EXCHANGES!

"Is the buyer in?"
 "No, but the cellar is in the basement."
 "If the devil should lose his tail, where would he get another one?"
 "To a liquor store, where they re-tail spirits."

SUCH A STRANGENESS!

Telephone bell rings—general rush from all parts of buildings to telephone room—many screams heard—all play on ground stops—great excitement—"What is it?"
 "Oh, the girls have only secured another Basket Ball game."

I stood upon the High School hill
 And gazed down on the plain.
 I saw a lot of rich green stuff,
 I thought was waving grain.
 But when I looked at it again,
 I thought it must be grass,
 But to my great surprise I saw
 'Twas the coming Freshman Class.

—Ex.

Percy M.—"Mr. Huntington, you certainly are a great orator, and I know you will be a big man some day."

H. H.—"I'm sorry I can't say the same for you."

Percy M.—"You could if you told a bigger one than I did."

Pat, Jr.—"Say, Pa, what did Julius Caesar die of?"

Pat, Sr.—"Shure, and I didn't know the poor man was sick, at all, at all,"—Ex.

Prof.—"What is a veranda?"

Senior (from experience)—"An open-air enclosure often used as a spoonholder."

Life is short—only four letters in it. Three quarters of it is a lie, and half of it an "if."

REPAIRS NEEDED.

Since the Freshman reception the Woodmen have been complaining about the hall being unsafe for dancing. Perhaps Miss Daniels can explain why

Mr. Way (to class in Comm. Arithmetic,) —"In this problem the result is \$262.35, the cost of the wire fence. Who got it?"

Wise Boy.—"The hardware man, to be sure."

Miss P.—"Part of the 'Commemoration Ode' is written in blank verse."

Suffering Junior—"Huh! That's lettin' Lowell down easy. I'd call most of it blank-ety-blank verse."

A classy suit, his hair curled well,
 Blue socks, tan ties—a decided swell,
 A bright red tie around his neck,
 Do you think this description fits Percy Peck?

Miss P. (Eng. IV.)—"Explain—'A trewe swinker and o jood was he.'"

V. J.—"He dug sewers, and he was a good one."



*Poor little Ralph, so sleepy grew!
 Under the noon-day sun.
 Lay down in the park for a little rest
 A voice to find school had begun!*

C. D. (German IV.)—"I don't know how it is in Dutch, but in English it is, "Tell me I have lied, will you?"

Mr. S.—"Yes!"

"Tell Marie I want her to come up and take my hair down."

"Can't I take it down to her, ma'am?"

WANT ADS

WANTED—Some money for the Enterprise
—Ralph Comstock.

WANTED—A few more points in S. M. A. A.
L.—P. H. S.

WANTED—Someone to call me "Dearie."—
Gladys Gould.

WANTED—A few hours more sleep.—Craig
Arthur.

WANTED—Someone to listen to me talk.—
Joe Glikbarg.

WANTED—To find out who's making that
noise.—Miss Daniel.

WANTED—Someone to admire my overcoat.
—John Cavanagh.

WANTED—A place on the floor to sit down
on in Healdsburg.—Basketball Girls.

WANTED—"You fellers to yell, all right
now!"—Warren Early.

WANTED—An experienced party to do my
school work.—Percy Peck.

WANTED—A rat to keep up my pompadour.
—Harry Huntington.

WANTED—A good runner to chase hand-
balls.—Professor Singer.

WANTED—A few more pounds of flesh.—
Professor Passmore.

WANTED—A girl.—Urban Benson.

WANTED—To look sweet.—Alice Dovey.

WANTED—Some golden hair.—Lela Rode-
haver.



Gentleman—"Sambo, did you ever see the
Catskill mountains?"

Sambo—"No, sah, but I'be seed dem kill
mice."

Customer—"I would like to see a big
goose."

Salesman—"Yes, ma'am, the boss will be in
shortly."
—Ex.



EXCHANGES



MISSION GRADUATE is perhaps the best paper we have on our exchange list. First of all one is impressed by the cover which is very suggestive of Christmas.

The way in which the material is grouped under the heads, Seniors, Athletics, Departments and Literary, shows excellent arrangement. Under Seniors, the class record and Prophecy are novel, especially the latter with its accompanying cuts. The only fault to be found is that the "Mission Graduate's" joshes are very scarce.

It would be a good idea for "Green and Gold," (Tuolumme) to have the name of the paper and the high school on the first page so that glancing through the paper it might readily be seen whence it came. Its stories can be thoroughly enjoyed. A few exchanges taken from other High School

papers and not so many local jokes would improve the josh department.

It is wonderful how the Fruitvale High School can publish such a good monthly as the "Flame." The paper and printing make a very neat looking paper while its cover is also attractive. The cuts of the Xmas number are one of the best things the paper possesses. The Athletic cut, especially, together with the well arranged department, adds to the good points of the paper.

"The Far Darter" (St. Helena.) A better arrangement for this paper would be for all literary material to be grouped together and not the arrangement in which "An Amateur Hunting Trip" appears at the close of the issue. Original material might be found for the stories. The subject matter of "Caught Masquerading" has been used so often. "Xmas at Grandmother's" is one of the most interesting things the paper has.

The cover of the "Manzanita" (Watsonville) is attractive but the appearance of the interior would be better if all ads. were at the back and not a page staring at you upon opening the paper. The josh heading is clever, but why the exchange remarks so brief?

The "High School Critic" (Hakensack, N. J.) is our only eastern exchange. The exchange department is quite an original idea. A separate josh department containing some exchanges and a lessening of "local hits" under "Class Notes" would be an improvement. A table of contents would add to it's merits.

Since "The Oracle" (Hemet, Cal.) has had little experience in publishing, it would be wise to print a quarterly or semi-annual instead of a monthly and get the very best material in it that can be had. Better arrangement of the departments with the addition of a few drawings would help immensely.

"Cardinal and Black" (Clear Lake) has an exceptionally well-written class history.

The material is well-arranged, but a few more drawings might be an improvement.

"The Tusconian" (Tuscon, Arizona) should add an exchange department, which is a necessity, to every paper. By printing on better paper and using a few cuts, it's appearance would be more attractive.

The shape of "The Skull" (Calaveras) is a very awkward one. It would be better to use the shape accepted by the majority of High Schools. "A Trip to Bear Mt" with the accompanying photographs is interesting. The advice given to "Manzanita" about ads. might be heeded.

"Acorn" (Alameda.) A few more stories would be a good thing for this paper. The joshes are fine and also some of the cuts. We agree with the exchange department in its campaign against ads in the front.

We are grateful to the "Madrona" (Palo Alto) for sending us faithfully a copy of every issue. It is the best of its class that we have received. There is no need for criticism.





FROM one standpoint the the Alumni is the most important factor of a school, for upon it to a great extent, does the reputation of a school depend. No education-

al institution can be correctly judged by the number of pupils enrolled, or by the number of graduates it turns out each year; but rather by what those graduates are accomplishing in the world. We are very proud of our old "alma mater," and, remembering that we soon will be Alumni, and help to make a name for our school, will use all our

power to make that name an honorable one. such a name that not only we will be proud of, but one that the citizens of our community will respect and will point back to in the years to come, and will speak with pride of the record made by all those who have had their life influenced by Petaluma High School.

This responsibility resting upon the Alumni, each member of every class must do his part, and we, the class of '09, hope to do our best toward maintaining the excellent reputation established by previous classes, and heartily join with them in further advancing and uplifting the character of Petaluma High School.

A

Adams, Mary, '90, Teacher, Petaluma.
 Alexander, Mrs. Rose Hewitt, '80, San Rafael
 Alexander, Archie M., '00, San Francisco.
 Allen, Reggie, '84, Dentist, Oakland.
 Allen, Harry, '88, Business, San Francisco.
 Allen, Hattie, '91, Napa.
 Ames, Mrs. Ada Stone, '04, Newcastle.
 Anderson, Helen M., '94, Teacher.
 Anderson, Albert James, '95, Mining Engineer, Arizona.
 Anderson, Allie, '04, Graduate from S. F. Medical School.
 Atkinson, Mrs. Maude Gale, '00, Iowa.
 Atwater, Mrs. Carrie Cadwell, '80, Petaluma
 Averill, Anna, '84, San Francisco
 Ayers, Mrs. Olive Eearly, '05, Petaluma.

B

Bales, Dulcie, '06, Sebastopol.
 Bartley, Fred, '94.
 Baugh, Harold, '08, Attending U. C.
 Baxler, Geo., '82, Berkeley.
 Benson, Wm., '79, Santa Rosa.
 Benson, Emmet, '84, Petaluma.
 Benson, Mrs. Cora Derby, '85, Petaluma.
 Berger, Allie, '77, San Francisco.
 Bernard, Joe, '80, Washington.
 Bigelow, Mrs. Effie Houx, '87, Sonoma.
 Blake, Mrs. Kittie Singley, '82, San Louis Obispo
 Blakeley, Mrs. Rose Ayers, '82.
 Bowman, Charles, '84.
 Borlini, Alfred, '87, Santa Rosa.
 Boswell, Mrs. Georgie C. Graves, '95, Arizona
 Bookenoogen, Sarah, '02, Benecia.
 Boothe, Russell, '08, Petaluma.

P. H. S. ENTERPRISE '09

Bowles, Veda, '08, Petaluma.
Brown, Dan, '79, Fresno.
Bradley, Mrs. Annie Craig, '84, Ukiah.
Brandon, Elvus, '85, Petaluma.
Brooke, Mrs. Maude Norton, '00, Oakland.
Brown, Alice C., '88, Petaluma School Dept.
Brobeck, Mrs. Josie Davidson, '89, Berkeley.
Bruskerman, Gustavus, '93.
Brown, Agnes Elizabeth, '97, Teacher, S. F.
Brower, Mrs. Grace Elizabeth Barlow, '01,
Eastern states.
Brainerd, Herbert, '03, attending U. C.
Brake, Edith, '05, Penngrove.
Butin, Roy, '07, Petaluma
Byrne, Mrs. Helen Graves, '86, Santa Cruz.
Byce, Malcom, '96, Pet. Incubator Co.

C

Carey, Mrs. Emma Elder, '76, New York.
Byrne, Mrs. Helen
Camm, Bertha, '84, San Francisco.
Campbell, Charles, '84, Attorney, S. F.
Campbell, Harold R., '93, Board of Education
Petaluma.
Carr, Maggie, '84, Canada.
Casey, Anna, '82, Santa Rosa.
Cavanagh, Jennie, '79, Petaluma.
Cavanagh, Stephen, '85, Doctor at Point
Reyes.
Cavanagh, Ella, '88, Petaluma.
Cavanagh, Emma, '91, Petaluma.
Cereghino, Isador, '87, Attorney in S. F.
Chapman, Edward, '76, Oakland.
Chapman, William A., '84, Petaluma.
Chapman, Mrs. Cora Peoples, '90, Australia.
Cheesewright, Suzy M., '07, Petaluma.
Church, Lorin, '07, attending U. C.
Church, Julia, '08, attending S. F. Normal.
Clemenson, Charles, '92, San Rafael.
Cooper, Mrs. Fanny Davidson, '77, S. F.
Costello, Stephen, '88, Attorney in S. F.
Corliss, Albert, '85, Two Rock.
Corliss, Ray, '04, Petaluma.
Costello, Frank, '00, Attorney in S. F.
Counihan, Emmett, '89, Petaluma.
Cox, Mrs. Fanny Munday, '84, Seattle.
Cox, Lena, '87, Los Angeles.
Cox, Harry, '90, San Francisco
Craig, John P., '76, Petaluma.
Craig, Richard, '86, Petaluma.
Cromwell, Frank, '77, Attorney, Petaluma.
Cromwell, Lewis, '03, Berkeley.

Cutting, Mrs. Jaunita Conley, '84, Pacific
Grove.

D

Dalton, Mrs. Lawrence, '79, S. F.
Davis, Mrs. Magie Young, '77, Berkeley.
Davidson, George, '81, San Francisco.
Davidson, Alice, '85, Petaluma.
Davidson, Frank, '86, San Francisco.
Deane, Mrs. Ethel Hartford, '99, Ukiah.
Dean, Grace V., '00, Petaluma.
Dean, Eva, '01, Petaluma.
Delaney, Mrs. Mattie Davidson, '91, S. F.
Denman, John R., '82, Petaluma.
DeTurk, Will, '87, S. F.
Deitz, Werner, '99, Civil Engineer.
Downie, Robert, B., '91, S. F.
Drennon, Elizabeth, '06, San Francisco.
Dunn, Will P., '94, Petaluma.

E

Eastman, Toilton, '85, Berkeley.
Egan, Chas., '83, Petaluma.
Egan, Dan, '89, Petaluma.
Ellis, Treasure Sterling, '05, Petaluma.
Ellsworth, Mrs. Aletha Shattuck, '83, S. F.
Elkins, Mrs. Alice Tuttle, '82, Santa Rosa.
Evans, Roy, '08, Post graduate course,
P. H. S.

F

Fairbanks, Mrs. Eva Maynard, '81, Berkeley
Fairbanks, Will, '86, Alaska
Fairbrother, Mrs. Mattie Thompson, '79, S. F.
Falcorer, Marion, '06, Salinas.
Faltings, Volkert, '07, attending Stanford
University.
Fine, Mattie, E., '94, Teacher.
Fletcher, Mrs. Gertrude Kuffle, '88, Oakland
Foster, J. Walter, '04, Petaluma.
Freeman, Chas., '84, Petaluma.
Freyschlag, Paula, '06, State Normal, San
Jose.
Fritch, Mabel, '07, Berkeley.

G

Gage, Lenora, '06, Petaluma.
Gale, Rev. Frank, '99, China Missionary.
Gaston, Geo. W., '78, Rancher, Two Rock.
Gentry, William, '87, Attorney, S. F.
Geohegan, Kate, '86, S. F.

P. H. S. ENTERPRISE '09

George, Mrs. Ruth Pierce, '06, Petaluma.
 Gibson, Eva G., '00, Petaluma.
 Gilbert, Edna Lois, '95, Arizona.
 Gill, Mrs. Edith Goodman, '96, Petaluma.
 Glenn, Mary Elizabeth, '96, Humboldt Co.
 Goshen, Marcus H., '96, Seattle.
 Goshen, Charles A., '97, S. F.
 Goshen, Elizabeth, '00, Petaluma.
 Gossage, Dr. Harry, '86, Petaluma.
 Goulder, Mrs. Louis Preston, '83, Wash.
 Graham, Nell, '07, Petaluma.
 Graves, Anna C., '88, Alameda
 Graves, Hill B., '98, Santa Barbara.
 Gray, Mrs. Lillie Haskins, '92, Petaluma.
 Green, J. A., '77, Druggist in Sacramento.
 Green, Lyman, '82, Attorney in Petaluma.
 Green, Johnathan, '85, Doctor in S. F.
 Green, Mrs. Gertrude Symonds, '86, S. F.
 Green, Maud, '92, Teacher Sacramento High School.
 Green, Myra, '08, San Francisco Normal.
 Gugliemetti, Henry, '92, Rancher near Petaluma.
 Gummer, Mrs. Bessie Brown, '84, McCluod.
 Gutermute, Mrs. Etta Miller, '90, Petaluma.
 Gwinn, Harry, '90, Cashier Petaluma National Bank.

H

Hali, Gil P., '78, Attorney, Petaluma.
 Hall, Mrs. Stella Faulkner, '95, Petaluma.
 Hall, Dr. Lester Parker, '93, Dixon.
 Hall, Evelyn Louise, '05, Teacher near Pet.
 Hanger, Mrs. Clara Charles, '86, Fresno.
 Harford, Crystal, '01, Teacher.
 Hart, Leo, '07, Petaluma.
 Haskell, Ruby E., '05, Petaluma.
 Hays, Dr. George, '96, S. F.
 Hays, Opal, '03, Teacher, Petaluma.
 Heald, Edwin, '87, Petaluma.
 Healy, Clyde, '01, Berkeley.
 Healy, Myrtle Nell, '05, U. C.
 Hedges, Edward D., '75, Camm & Hedges Co. Petaluma.
 Higbee, Mrs. Nettie Fairbanks, '79, Petaluma.
 Hill, Mrs. Lizzie Fairbanks, '85, Petaluma.
 Hood, Mrs. Nellie Doyte, '85, Santa Rosa.
 Hopkins, Hiram, '98, Petaluma.
 Houx, Pearl, '01, Petaluma.
 Howard, Mrs. Minnie Scott, '89, Petaluma.
 Howard, Mrs. Mae Melehan, '00, Tacoma.
 Hunt, Lena Lyle, '01, S. F.
 Hunt, Hester, '01, Teacher near Cloverdale.

Hutchins, Mrs. Gertrude Wilder, '05, S. F.
 Hyatt, Emma, '04, Post Office, Petaluma.
 Hynes, Vildric F., Electrical Engineer.

I

Ivanovich, Mrs. Clara Sproule, '77, Petaluma.

J

Jameson, Mrs. Carrie Shaver, '88, Haywards.
 Jewell, George, '77, Humboldt County.
 Jewell, Dell, '86, Oakland.
 Jones, Jennie E., '95, S. F.

K

Kamp, Daniel W., '98, Petaluma.
 Karev, Emma, '00, San Jose.
 Kelly, John, '82, Tiburon.
 Kendall, Arthur, '91, Rancher.
 Kimball, Ida, '94
 King, Hannah Dorothy, '96, Petaluma.
 Kingslow, Mrs. Rose Miller, '80, Santa Rosa.
 Kopf, Mrs. Alice Vestal, '79, Petaluma.

L

Lauritzen, John, '04, U. S. Government Pilot
 Lawrence, J. W., '81, Rancher. Two Rock
 Ledbetter, Mrs. Grace Hastings, '05, Santa Monica.
 Leeds, Bertha, '88 S. F.
 Leppo, J. Rollo, '86, Attorney, Santa Rosa.
 Leppo, Lulu, '87, Santa Rosa.
 Lewis, Hall, '89, Attorney, S. F.
 Lewis, William, '05, U. C.
 Lightner, Mrs. Sadie Rutherford, '79, S. F.
 Lippitt, Edward, '79, Petaluma.
 Long, Otta H., '06, U. C.
 Laughnane, Nellie Marie, '97, S. F.
 Lynch, Charles, '85, Attorney, S. F.
 Lynch, George, '94, Attorney, S. F.

M

Maack, Christian, '89, Marin county.
 Mackay, Irene, '08, Petaluma.
 Martin, Frederick, '95, Petaluma.
 Martin, Harold, '95, Petaluma.
 Martinelli, Genevieve, '04, Reclamation.
 Mattei, Lillian, '05, Teacher, Petaluma.
 Matthies, William, '95, artist, S. F. Examiner
 Matzenbach, Emma, '92, Teacher, Petaluma.
 Matzenbach, Lulu, '00, Petaluma.
 Matzenbach, Mabel, '00, Petaluma.

P. H. S. ENTERPRISE '09

McAllister, Floyd, '03, S. F.
 McCargar, Minnie Warner, '92, Petaluma.
 McCarty, John, '86, S. F.
 McCloud, Flora Bowman, '81, York,
 Nebraska.
 McDowell, Ana, '81, Nurse, S. F.
 McGlynn, Cassie, '83, Petaluma.
 McGrew, Edwin S., '91, Honolulu.
 McGuire, Ruth, '05, Petaluma.
 McGuire, Ruby, '04, Petaluma.
 McGuire, Thomas T., '97, Druggist, Southern
 Pines, N. C.
 McGovern, Corralynne, '06, Petaluma.
 McKinney, Bonita, '07, S. F. Normal.
 McNab, Wilma, '83, S. F.
 McNear, Florence Towne, '82, Sacramento
 McNear, Nellie Egan, '86, Petaluma.
 McNear, Dr. John A., Petaluma.
 McNeil, Mrs. Libbie Barlow, '87, Honolulu.
 McPhail, Mrs. Ella Gale, '78, Teacher near
 Petaluma
 Meyerholtz, Mata, '06, Petaluma.
 Miller, Mrs. Mattie Benson, '80, Napa.
 Miller, Charles, '81, Napa.
 Miller, Hugh, '87, Rancher in Napa county.
 Miller, George, '87, Rancher in Napa county.
 Mills, Carrie, '03, Penn Grove.
 Mills, Florence, '05, Nurse, San Francisco.
 Mills, George, '06, Petaluma.
 Mills, Cecil, '06, Stanford.
 Moffit, Mrs. Eddie Houx, '85, Los Angeles.
 Moale, Mrs. Mae Lewis, '88, S. F.
 Mooney, Will T., '92, Lawyer in S. F.
 Mooney, Birdie, '00, Petaluma.
 Mooney, Josie, '07, San Jose Normal.
 Mordecai, Mrs. Eva Barlow, '80, Two Rock.
 Morrow, Mrs. Kate Hinkle, '86, S. F.
 Mucon, Mrs. Etta Elder, '77, Oakland.
 Munday, Chas. F. '76, Attorney, Seattle.
 Munday, Alice, '80, Teacher, Seattle.
 Murphy, George, '91, Petaluma.
 Murray, Theresa, '84, Petaluma.
 Murray, Maggie, '87, Petaluma.

N

Naughton, John, '77, Attorney in S. F.
 Nelson, Mrs. Edee Holton, '80, Alameda.
 Nelson, Mrs. Grace Maynard, '92, S. F.
 Newberry, Maud, '89, Teaching near Forest-
 ville.
 Newburgh, Henry, '92, Attorney, S. F.

O

Oeltjen, Emma L., '06, kook-keeper for Hic-
 key & Vonsen.
 Olmsted, Mrs. Joice Houx, '99, Petaluma.
 Ott, Mrs. Zeda Smith, '02, Petaluma.

P

Palmer, Anna, '87, School teacher.
 Parker, Mrs. Minnie Laird, '82, Santa Cruz.
 Patterson, Mrs. Jennie Ackerman, '86, S. F.
 Patty, L. H., '00, S. F.
 Perinoni, Romildo Edward, '01, Petaluma.
 Perinoni, Ida, '04, Petaluma
 Pelt, Mrs. Lusy Mills, '93, Guerneville.
 Perry, Mrs. Jenette Parker, '82, S. F.
 Peoples, Ora, '82, Oregon.
 Peoples, Stuart Zeno, '96, Doctor and mem-
 ber of Board of Education in
 Petaluma.
 Peoples, John W., '99, Dentist in Petaluma.
 Peters, Emma, '85, Petaluma.
 Peters, John, '85, Rancher near Petaluma.
 Peters, Jessie, '92, Novato.
 Peters, Helen E., '06, Teaching near Healds-
 burg, Pena District.
 Phillips, Henry, '96, S. F.
 Poehlman, Martin, '04, Sonoma County Bank.
 Poehlman, Helen, '05, Petaluma.
 Powell, Albert, '92
 Purvine, Mae, '04, Teacher in S. F. schools.
 Purvine, Helen, '07, attending S. F. Normal
 Putnam, T. Milton, '93, Prof. in Math. at
 U. C.
 Putnam, Rodney J., '97, Lodi.
 Putnam, Mrs. Ella Ormsby, '94, Lodi.

R

Ranard, Irving, '75, Book-keeper in Hanford,
 grocery store.
 Rankin, Mrs. Kate Zartman, '77, Petaluma.
 Rankin, Belle, '07, attending Stanford.
 Rafael, Joseph, '94, Attorney in S. F.
 Reese, David, '89, Newspaper in San Luis
 Obispo.
 Reynolds, George, '77, Santa Rosa.
 Reynolds, George, '80
 Risk, Mrs. Florence Mauzy, '85, Petaluma.
 Rice, Bryan, '08, Stratton's Nursery, Petal-
 uma.
 Roberts, Mrs. Gretchen Rost, '01, Sacra-
 mento.
 Rogers, Edna, '03, with Petaluma Poultry
 Journal.

S

Sales, Mrs. Martha Tharp, '86, Petaluma.
 Schuler, Sophia, '08, attending S. F. Normal
 Schuman, Joseph, '00, Alameda.
 Schluckebier, Elsa, '03, Oakdale.
 High School.
 Schluckebier, Ludwig, '05, Petaluma.
 Schluckebier, Florentine, '06, with Schluckebier Hardware Company, Pet.
 Scudder, Pearl, '92, married and residing in S. F.
 Scott, Mrs. Mattie E. Wilson, '99, Petaluma.
 Scott, Mrs. Francis Peters, '81, Novato.
 Shader, Mrs. Rebecca Bowman, '86, Petaluma.
 Sheldon, Mrs. Sadie Wright, '77, Oakland.
 Shiack, Mrs. Rose Miller, '80, Seattle.
 Short, Mrs. Kate Mitchell, '82,
 Show, Daisy, '91, married and residing at Sutter Creek.
 Silvey, Lou, '03.
 Smith, Mrs. Mary Counihan, '96, on ranch near Petaluma.
 Smith, Francis R., '06, Petaluma.
 Starke, Mrs. Lizzie Madler, '83, residing in
 Stafford, Mrs. Lizzie Madler, '83, residing in one of the Bay cities.
 Stewart, Dan R., '83, Rancher near Lakeville
 Stratton, Clare, '05, Petaluma.
 Studdert, Thomas, '84, Printer in Petaluma.
 Spotswood, Mrs. Jennie Lovejoy, '82, S. F.
 Sweed, Mabel C., '00, Teacher in Petaluma High School.
 Sweed, Tessie, '03, Petaluma.
 Sweeny, James, '85, Attorney, S. F.
 Sweeny, George, '85, S. F.
 Symonds, Harry, '91, Attorney, S. F.

T

Thomas, Charles, '92, Attorney, Berkeley.
 Thompson, Lawrence, '84, Attorney, Seattle.
 Thompson, Martha, '86, Petaluma.
 Thompson, Wallace, '86, Attorney, S. F.
 Thompson, John, '94, Carpenter in Petaluma.
 Thompson, Myrtle Coinne, '97, Seattle.
 Tibbits, Arthur, '91, Dentist, Petaluma.
 Todd, Arthur J., '94, Chief Probation Officer, S. F.

Towne, Frank, '77, Druggist, S. F.
 Trondsen, Ruth, '08, in Hazlett's Dry Goods Store, Petaluma.

V

Valentine, Louis, '77, Attorney, Los Angeles
 Valentine, Carlton, '89, Photographer, Los Angeles.
 Veghte, Alfred, '86
 Veghte, Neppe, '90.

W

Walsh, Florence, '08, Petaluma.
 Ward, Mary, '77, Oregon.
 Ward, Sus'e, '79, Oregon.
 Ward, Mrs. Laura Benson, '80, Residing near Santa Rosa.
 Whitney, Arthur L., '75, Proprietor of Leslie Salt Works, San Mateo County.
 Whitney, Mrs. Laura Cavanagh, '82, Residing in Healdsburg.
 Whitney, Elizabeth, '92, Teacher
 White, Prof. Daniel, '84, Supt. of Schools, Solano.
 White, Mrs. Gertrude Hopkins, '92, Petaluma
 White, Mrs. Edith Mary Lewis, '96, Bisbee, Arizona.
 White, William J., '97, Book-keeper in S. F.
 Williams, Mrs. Christine Dinsmore, '88, S. F.
 Wilson, Mrs. Freda Clemenson, '88, Petaluma.
 Wilstrup, Lily, '08, attending S. F. Normal.
 Winans, Mrs. Myrtle Lawrence, '83, Petaluma.
 Winans, Gertrude, '86, Petaluma.
 Windsor, Thomas, '02, Electrical Engineer, Navy Yard, Vallejo.
 Windsor, Millen, '06, attending University of the Pacific, San Jose.
 Wiswell, Hattie, '83, Petaluma.
 Wright, Mrs. Etta Ranard, '79, Hanford.

Y

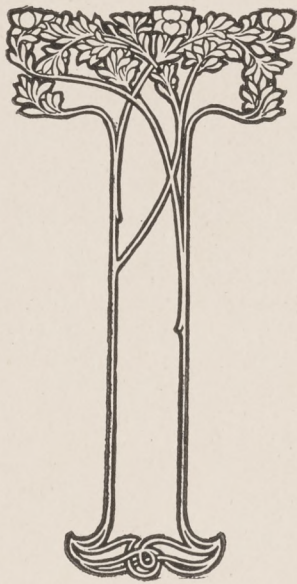
Young, Edna, '84

Z

Zartman, Mrs. Lulu Hopkins, '84, Petaluma.
 Zook, Mrs. Mary Hinkle, '76, San Rafael.

Deceased Members

Allen, Janie, '84.	Jones, Luther, '82.
Allen, Merton C., '87.	Jenkins, Mrs. Annie Weeks, '81
Barlow, Thomas, '84.	Kelley, William, '79.
Bloom, Birdie, '88.	Maack, Errick, '91.
Brown, Isabel, '84.	McNear, Mrs. Jennie Otis, '75
Brown, Elmer, '99.	Pierce, Arthur L., '79.
Carpenter, Ed. '94.	Robinson, Mrs. Nettie Gill, '80
Charles, Everett, '84.	Rutherford, Thomas, '87.
Clark, Zoe, '87.	Skinner, Ada, '94.
Cornwall, Henry, '81.	Stockdale, Morton, '89.
Davidson, Mrs. Vivien Gray, '96.	Towne, Lester, '77.
Faire, Mrs. Jennie Gilbert, '75.	Towne, Charles, '80.
Falkner, Leland, '86.	Tupper, Emma, '87.
Fuller, Marilla, '76.	Van Arsdale, Mrs. Nellie Morse, '76.
Heald, George W., '82.	Wickersham, Fred
Hinkle, Walter, '78.	Whitney, Albion, '87.
Holton, Melvil, '81.	Williams, Ray, '99.
Jones, Agnes, '93.	



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